DWB

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BBC VIDEO'S SUMMER BONANZA: Blake's 7, Star Cops, Adam Adamant Lives!, Doctor Who...

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AS MANY of you may have noticed, five out of the last seven covers have been Troughton-based, admittedly an indulgence on my part being a fan of this brilliant actor, but also done to mark the fact that it is exactly 25 years since he was cast as 'Doctor Who' (and that certainly isn't a useless fact!).

Keep those Series Survey forms coming...

GARY

COVER: Jacqueline Pearce as Servalan in the 'Blake's 7' episode 'Pressure Point' (reviewed opposite); 2/3 - Telefantasy News, plus a revelation on a 'star' from Harrow-Weald; 4/5 - An 'Adam Adamant Lives!' retrospective via his new BBC video; 5-7 - Episodes 15 & 16 of our 'STTNG' Season Four Guide; 8 - Timewyrm: Genesys, the real review; 9-12 - Episode three of our photo-novelisation of 'The Highlanders' starring Patrick Troughton; 14-15 - The second part of our major look at 'The Decline of the DWAS'; 16 - A behind-the-scenes account of the recent Bonhams 'Doctor Who' auction; 17 - The recent U.N.I.T. reunion convention in America; 18/19 - WHO News, plus the new BBC Video 'The Three Doctors reviewed and a recollection of his 'Doctor Who' career by visual effects expert Peter Day; Back Cover - Yet another gem from the previously unpublished photo collection of '60s costume designer Sandra (Alexandra Tynan) Reid, depicting Michael(Ben) Craze, Patrick Troughton and Anneke (Polly)Wills from episode one of 'The Highlanders' from 1966.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS: Rob Ashby, Jeremy Bentham, Anthony Clark, Stacey Clegg & BBC Video, Peter Darvill-Evans & W.H.Allen, Peter Day, David Gibbs, Rachel Hamilton, Kenneth Horlock, Julian Knott, Lionhouse Studios, Anthony McKay, Mark Short, Wendy Taylor & M.O.M.I., Kathleen Toth, Alexandra Tynan, Kathy Wesley.

THE HIGHLANDERS PHOTONOVEL

Story (c) Gerry Davis
Photonovel Adaption Anthony Clark
Telesnaps John Cura/Patrick Mulkern

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TREK NEWS

WITH 'REDEMPTION' bringing the fourth season of 'Star Trek: The Next Generation' to a close on June 16th, the nature of Denise Crosby's return to the show is revealed.

Complete with a wig, she appeared as Tasha's daughter portrayed as a vicious villain, in another climax which left viewers gasping for more!

With the cast now resting before embarking on the fifth season, good timing has ensured that Gates McFadden gave birth in early June to a boy. Both Gates and Brent Spiner hope to direct episodes next season.

Meanwhile Marina Sirtis (pictured) is lobbying for a change of costume as Troi's present green outfit has shrunk. She particularly has her eye on the little black number worn by Vash in **Qpid**. (An exclusive interview with Marina appears in our summer issue...).

Whispers surrounding next season is that Ronald Moore will become a producer, while still remaining as a major writing influence, and the two script editors Larry Carroll and David Bennett Carren will have gone. On the story side Worf's son will become a recurring character, although Majel Roddenberry's desire to see Lwaxana Troi becoming a cast regular appears to have fallen on deaf ears.

A record by Brent Spiner was released on cassette and CD in June. Backed by The Sunspots - Jonathan Frakes, LeVar Burton and Michael Dorn - he reportedly does a good job, having appeared in a number of Broadway musicals in his pre-Hollywood days.

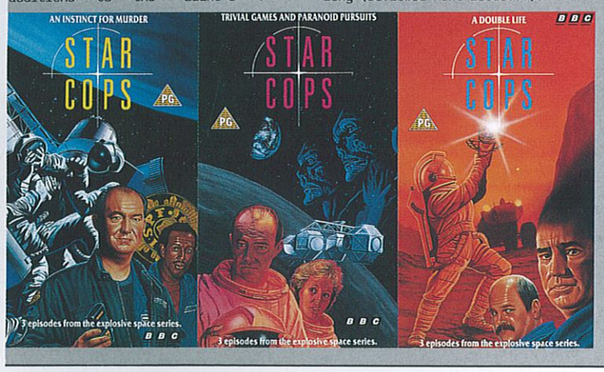
Over on the **Star Trek VI** lot, it is being speculated as to whether Whoopi Goldberg will be appearing in a cameo as Guinan after all. The official line is "scheduling problems", which usually means a failure to negotiate a mutually agreeable fee. Jack Palance has also pulled out with the same reason given, and he has been replaced by John Shuck, who was a Klingon in **Star Trek VI**.

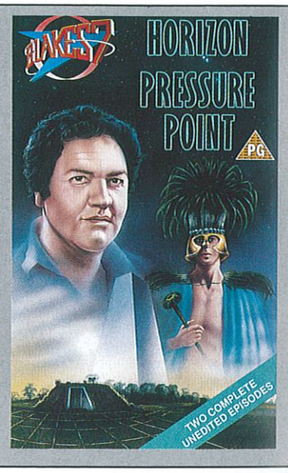
Cheers star Kirstie Alley has turned down an offer to return as Saavik,

Of the regulars, Jimmy Doohan was reportedly so stung by all the "fat" jokes about STVI that he made a major effort to lose weight for the new film and may become a spokesman for Nutri-System as a result, and Walter Koenig is still very unhappy about the size of his rôle.

BBC VIDEO's bumper crop of summer telefantasy releases gets into full gear on July 1st with all nine episodes of 'Star Cops' released over three tapes and two further additions to the 'Blake's 7' catalogue, all at the new price of £10.99 as we predicted in DWB#90.

'Star Cops' represents particularly good value for money with each cassette running at over 150 minutes long (reviewed next issue...).





ANTHONY McKAY investigates a location familiar to many fans of telefantasy series from the sixties and seventies

GRIM'S TALES

OVER THE YEARS a great deal has been printed about the location of the house used during the filming of *Evil of the Daleks*, and many publications have stated that it was Knebworth House near Stevenage *[viz DWB #89]*.

The original source of this information seems to have stemmed from an interview with one of the production crew on the story who remembered that the building had some connection with Gilbert and Sullivan. The interviewer knew that Arthur Sullivan was a regular guest at Knebworth House and thus from that day to this people have stated that *Evil of the Daleks* was shot at Knebworth.

One of my hobbies is hunting for locations used in the classic filmed television series of the 60s and 70s, many of which feature Knebworth House as a major location in their episodes. Episodes such as :

The Champions : *The Night People* (Robert Asher; June 1967)
The Avengers : *Invasion of the Earthmen* (Don Sharp; November 1967)
Here Come the Double Deckers! : *Happy Haunting* (Harry Booth; 1969)
Randall and Hopkirk (Deceased) : *Somebody Just Walked Over My Grave* (Cyril Frankel; Summer 1969)
Hammer House of Mystery and Suspense : *Black Carrion* (John Hough; 1984)
Lovejoy : *Montezuma's Revenge* (William Brayne; 1990)
and in films such as 'The Big Sleep', 'Haunted Honeymoon' and 'Batman'.

I usually take photographs of any locations I find together with shots of any interesting buildings in the vicinity just in case they turn up in other episodes of anything else as television companies usually use the same area again and again for filming. I knew of the rumour that Knebworth had been used in *Evil of the Daleks*, and it even had a minstrel gallery as featured in the story, but I could find no feature that matched up with the publicity photographs taken of Debbie Watling during the location shoot.

A year and a half ago, during a weekend of location spotting in the Borehamwood-Elstree area, I came across a large hotel marked on the map, near Grim's Dyke (an ancient defensive ditch), and as my wife and I were investigating any large buildings in the area I called in to take a few photographs and look around on the off-chance. What we discovered was a major television and film location that my wife and I had been searching for for months.

The Mansion House and Grim's Dyke is now a country house hotel, set in 120 acres of woodland off Old Redding Road near Harrow Weald to the north of London (and, oblivious to the editor of this magazine, almost on the doorstep of DWB's original editorial and current subscriptions department address!). It was built in 1875 by Norman Shaw for the artist Frederick Goodall; it later became the house of Sir William Gilbert who moved in in 1890.

Grim's Dyke today and (right) in '67

It was he who converted the artist's studios into a music room with a minstrel gallery.

The Mansion House can be seen in many British films and television series made between the mid-sixties and seventies, and what follows is a brief account of the sequences shot there.

The Saint : *The Fiction Makers* (Roy Baker; May 1966). Men with guard dogs patrol the grounds of SWORD HQ, which is fronting as the Northfield Clinic for Nervous Disorders. Simon Templar (Roger Moore) walks in the grounds with Galaxy (Justine Lord), watched by Monk (Tom Clegg). Frug (Philip Locke) is alerted to a light in Templar's room by a guard. Amos Klein (Sylvia Syms) and Simon escape from the house and crash out of the grounds in a car. Warlock (Kenneth J Warren) watches his men practise moving through the infra-red beams. Simon tries to alert the dustmen to his plight and later races back to the house to rescue Amos.

The Champions : *The Mission* (Robert Asher; May 1967). A van arrives at the Winthrop House Mission which is later visited by Richard (William Gaunt). Craig (Stuart Damon) and Sharon (Alexandra Bastedo) overpower their guards by the car. Craig and Richard steal the van to chase the escaping Pederson.

The Champions : *The Experiment* (Cyril Frankel; June 1967). Cranmore (Allan Cuthbertson) arrives at Glind's training centre in the taxi. Richard and Craig jump over the walls of the house and watch Sharron training inside. Richard and Craig overpower two guards that night.

The Champions : *The Body Snatchers* (Paul Dickson; Autumn 1967). Craig and Sharron arrive at the Mellion Research Centre and overpower guards on the entrance road. Craig and Richard pursue the escaping Squires.

The Champions : *The Final Countdown* (John Gilling; Winter 1967). Kruger (Derek Newark) and his men load the drunken pilot into a white Jaguar. Later Craig stops and asks directions in Germany on the entry road.

The Avengers : *Game* (Robert Fuest; June 1968). Brigadier Wishforth-Browne is lured to Monty Bristow's house for dinner. Having completed the jigsaw, Steed visits Bristow's in his Rolls.

Randall and Hopkirk (Deceased) : *You Can Always Find a Fall Guy* (Ray Austin; August 1968). Jeff (Mike Pratt) and Marty (Kenneth Cope) meet a nun (Juliet Harmer) at what they think is a convent, but on the entrance road are soon stopped by Edwards (Garfield Morgan). Jeff flees from the Winchester Electronics Research Corporation whilst Marty holds the dogs at bay, but later returns and talks to Edwards about his cars.

The Adventurer : *The Case of the Poisoned Pawn* (Cyril Frankel; 1971). Bradley arrives to face Hamilton for an important game of chess.

The house also features in the films 'The Curse of the Crimson Altar', 'The Blood Beast Terror', 'Endless Night' and the Ronnie Barker feature 'Futtocks End'.

It was not until J was again looking through photographs of Debbie Watling taken during *Evil of the Daleks* that J noticed that the house featured was the Mansion House. The photographs taken by Sandra Reid in 1967 during the location shoot *[see DWB #89]* prove conclusively that this was the building used and how little it has changed over the last twenty-four years (as emphasized so vividly here with a photograph I recently took in full colour).

For anyone who finds themselves near the house with half an hour to spare, I would recommend that they pay a visit to the hotel and have a look at the building that played such an important role in the final destruction of the Daleks.

BRIEFLY...

THE BBC is preparing to sell its '70s series The Survivors to American television for the first time. Devised by Terry Nation and one of his self-professed favourites among his own work, The Survivors is also being considered for home video release for 1992.

THE FLASH, the US D.C. Comics remake, has been purchased by BSkyB and will soon join V on Sky One. Meanwhile Stateside the axe has fallen on the recently revived Dark Shadows while Quantum Leap has been confirmed for a fourth season.

PETER DAVISON and Paul Darrow teamed up recently in an episode of the former's latest abysmal ITV sit-com, Fiddlers Three.

THE WRITER'S GUILD was so delighted at the Radio Times' decision to re-instate writer and director credits in their listings that they took out a full page in the trade magazine Broadcast to say "thankyou"! The Radio Times is the only listings magazine to include full cast and limited production credits as well as story titles.

A CONVENTION devoted to Beauty and the Beast is to be held at the popular Grand Hotel in Birmingham over the August Bank Holiday weekend. With Roy Dotrice and Armin Shimerman slated to appear, call (0529) 303449 for further details.

KALEIDOSCOPE is holding another one-day event at Stourbridge Town Hall on 10th August titled Raiders of the Lost Archives. It will include an exclusive screening of all but one of the Pathfinders episodes, uncut Blackman/Rigg Avengers episodes, "private footage" of Patrick Troughton previously unscreened in the UK, an exclusive video interview with Rudolph Cartier and episodes from various fantasy series. Steve Bryant and Davis Stead from the BBC archives are the invited guests and entrance is free as copyright restraints prevent any financial gain. However voluntary donations for the NSPCC would be appreciated. Enquiries to Kaleidoscope, 7 Overhill, Pill, Near Bristol, Avon.

Star Trek novel 49, Triangle and STTNG 17, Boogeymen, are published by Titan on July 25th at £3.50 each.

A tape with little to commend

IT IS very difficult to like 'Blake's 7' when presented with episodes as bad as those on the first of the two tapes released by the BBC at the beginning of July. However much one may cherish the series, episodes like 'Horizon' and 'Pressure Point' sorely try the dedication of fan and casual viewer alike.

HORIZON presents us with a tired crew in need of rest and recouperation, reflecting the state of the series itself which, despite the injection of fresh writing talent, is noticeably beginning to flag. As if to confirm this, the episode begins with a montage of previously seen Liberator and Federation shuttle/supply ship model library shots. An inauspicious start to an episode that nosedives from here on in.

There is tension amongst the crew, nothing new here, except that there is an especially unpleasant feel to it in the early scenes. Remember, these are supposed to be characters with whom we are supposed to identify with and feel for; by all means human, but barely rôle model material. The edginess does provide one nice witty quip, though, from the ever-reasonable Avon who is asked to follow Blake down onto the planet: "I'm not expendable, I'm not stupid, and I'm not going!"

Lack of series continuity is also starting to show now that the episodes are no longer the monopoly of Terry Nation. Here Villa is practically addicted to the relaxing drink/drug Soma, but in the following episode it is not even mentioned.

The story (or what passes for one) is one of a planet ruled by a Federation puppet, plucked from his people to rule in the Federation's stead. The dark-skinned Ro, a weak-willed, indecisive leader, is portrayed by Darien Angadi and is supported by William Squire as Ro's former tutor and planetary Kommissar, and whom you may recall was dreadful as the Shadow in Doctor Who's The Armageddon Factor and is just as bad here. Dalek voice (and Elisabeth Sladen's husband) Brian Miller also appears in a small rôle as Squire's assistant.

Ro's people toil in the mines (as do all subjugated races, don't ya' know), and it is perhaps inevitable that some of Blake's crew are destined to join them. Actually the cave location work is very good, although it does occassionally come across as being very cramped.

What should have been the highpoint of the episode, when Ro reverts back to his people to take revenge on the Federation, is ruined by the stunningly feeble acting of Angadi. Where is Art Malik when you need him? On second thoughts...

PRESSURE POINT is, on the whole, slightly better than its predecessor, but is still crippled by some laughably bad performances from some of the supporting cast.

This episode sees the return of the series' creator, Terry Nation, as writer, presumably because the fate of one of the lead characters is in jeopardy (and if you don't wish to know which one, I suggest you skip the rest of this review). The fact that Nation would return again for the episode that (effectively) wrote-out Blake and Jenna (Aftermath) would tend to support this. The death of a main character is usually foreshadowed by an unusually extensive use of said character in his/her final episode - what's commonly known as "getting your money's worth"! Pressure Point is no exception, although it's not as obvious as, for example, Tom Baker's final outing in his last Doctor Who story.

Pressure Point marks the crew's return to Earth (an ominous sign if you know what to look for! At least Doctor Who knows how to jettison a companion billions of miles from home!). Blake has decided, unilaterally as usual, to hit the Federation at its most vulnerable point; its computer nerve-centre, Control. That the whole thing turns out to be a bit of a wild goose chase - and he gets Gan killed in the process - marks the first serious setback that Blake has suffered, and one for which he must take the lion's share of the blame. It is something of a turning point for the series, in the same way that the deaths of Katarina and Toby Wren were for Doctor Who and Doomwatch respectively, forcing the viewer to re-evaluate their cosy conceptions about the series' leads being indestructable (Captain Scarlet withstanding!).

It is a rather disappointing end for poor old Gan, being buried in the rubble of one of the best-constructed Federation buildings in the universe. Well, buried under a pile of BBC girders, plaster and - bizarrely - polystyrene bricks. You just know that someone who utters the immortal phrase, "I'm not worth dying for", is about to walk the long plank. Gan, at the very least the most personable member of Blake's crew, never did really gel as a character, seldom being given enough to do, and one cannot blame David Jackson for wanting out.

Such an important event in the series' history rather obscures the rest of the episode, and perhaps it is just as well. It suffers on many fronts, not least of which are two truly awful performances from Jane Sherwin (wife of Derrick, no less), and Yolande Palfrey as her daughter. Palfrey also turned up in one of the worst Doctor Who stories, Terror of the Vervoids, and was sized-up as the main course for the beast with bad breath in Disney's Dragonslayer. Here she was required to display a range of emotions far beyond her abilities, and the episode starts to go seriously wrong when she turns up as the reluctant traitor, Veron.

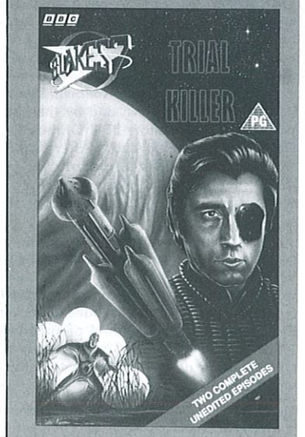
Whatever past experiences Terry Nation may have had with a rogue electrical cable (see last issue), I am sure that the man's fixation with interrogation cannot be healthy. Here it is Sherwin's Kasabi a semi-tough rebel rouser, who feels the force of the Federation's evil ways...well, a couple of jabs with a truth drug anyway.

When the Liberator crew actually penetrate the Control building (after defeating a rather effective self-repairing defence system), director George Spenton-Foster is audacious enough to show them making their way through the same corridor and down the same ladder three times, although, wait for it, with three different lighting effects!

Apart from the odd gem, there is little to commend this episode. Servalan (as depicted on the cover of this issue) and Travis are on the periphery although it is hard to accept that Servalan has nothing better to do than wait around for two weeks for Knasabi to turn up; or that she would personally involve herself in her subsequent interrogation; or that Travis delays killing Blake again when he has the chance. Sadly Servalan does not get the chance to slap him for his abject failure, or for his hesitation when projecting her life at the expense of losing the chance to take Blake's.

A couple of fairly poor episodes, then.

Julian Knott



REVIEWED NEXT ISSUE...

Brave, but oh so vulnerable

J.JEREMY BENTHAM recalls Adam Adamant Lives! now out on BBC Video

IS A MEMORY made of what you remember, or of what you have lost? We have lost both the 1960s and Adam Adamant, and we will never see their like again. But were the memories of both truly as sweet as they seem today?

In terms of British television series that reflected the style of the 'Swinging Sixties', few would deny top billing to The Avengers. Much has been written about this celebrated programme and such is the fascination with its icons, its images and its 'quirky eccentricity' that it continues to have an influence even today. In a strange way it appears far more isolated and identified with the 60s than its 70s counterpart The New Avengers ever was to that decade.

So to represent truly all that seemingly was England in the mid-60s, you have to look to the likes of Steed, Mother and that winning triumvirate, Cathy Gale, Tara King and Emma Peel. No other series so perfectly captured the mood of the time. It was faultless at projecting the English as punctilious gentlemen in elegant clothes, as madcap eccentrics with equally madcap inventions, or as mini-skirted debs in high fashion clothing.

The Avengers won the battle, but did Adam Adamant Lives!come a noble second? Thanks to BBC Enterprises the opportunity to find out is now available. But be warned. Before you dip your hands into your wallet, ask yourself this crucial question: were you there during the 60s and did you understand what was going on?

If the answer to either query is no, then the BBC Video release on Adam Adamant Lives!is probably not for you.

Many people under forty were disappointed with the BBC version of Quatermass and the Pit when it was released in 1989. Comments like "staid", "ponderous" and "too slow" abounded, causing many to question if this was indeed the Quatermass that was so famed for emptying pubs and clubs of customers on Friday evenings in the 50s. Compared even against Doctor Who a few years later, its production values seemed almost painfully creaky.

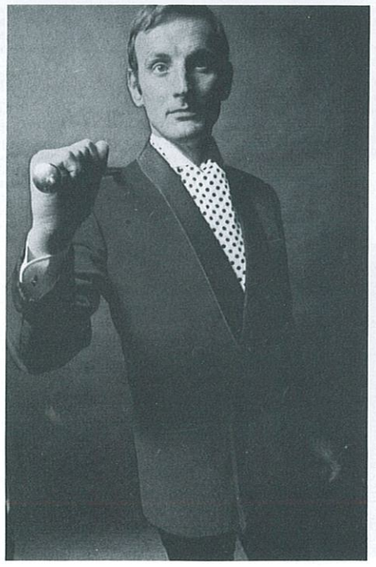
The same will probably be true of Adam Adamant Lives! It will sell to devotees, nostalgia buffs and to some science-fiction fans, but its sales are unlikely to put it into the same profit bracket as Doctor Who or either generation of Star Trek. If you weren't there in 1966, you'll probably find the material square and, well ... a bit on the stagey side.

Contrasting and comparing these two opening episodes, *A Vintage Year for Scoundrels* and *Death Has a Thousand Faces*, with, say, an average episode of The Avengers reveals the former's weakness, perhaps pointing to why Adam Adamant Lives was never able to covet top position, even though many of its later writers were Avengers veterans.

At its simplest, Adam Adamant Lives!did not get it right at the beginning, and by the time it did the patience of its creator, BBC Drama head, Sydney Newman, was exhausted. After two seasons the show was axed, perhaps unfairly, for failing artistically, although it is a judgement the producer of the series, Verity Lambert, now accepts, albeit with a sense of sad regret.

Sydney Newman originally wanted to do a series of Sexton Blake melodramas. But when Associated Rediffusion got to the rights first, he turned instead to the notion of a social comment series that would contrast the Victorian attitudes of yesteryear with the liberalised freedoms and permissiveness of the 1960s. What Newman wanted to show was that the stilted values of the Victorians, a return to which was being advocated by the highly vocal Mary Whitehouse, just could not work in the environment of the present day.

In the end what he got was melodrama and social comment, but not in the way he had imagined. Explaining why he scrapped the series, Newman said he felt its aims had not been achieved. Adam Adamant had deviated from his idea of poignant satirical parody and had become too much a clone of The Avengers.



The unhappy seating of so many ideas is very apparent in the opening episode, *A Vintage Year for Scoundrels*, which lists no less than three writers in the opening credits : Donald Cotton, Richard Harris and Tony Williamson.

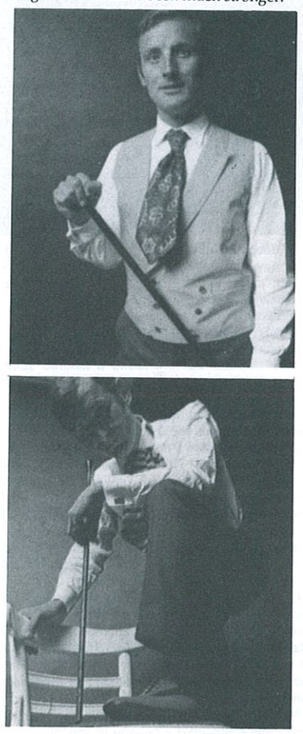
Sure enough *Scoundrels* comes across as almost a story in three parts. The opening segment introduces the character of Adam Llewelyn DeVere Adamant in the year 1902 and recounts his being lured into a trap by civilisation's arch-enemy, The Face, who then condemns Adamant to "eternity", frozen alive inside a block of ice. Segment two recounts his revivification in 1966 and Adam's resulting sense of total disorientation at finding London a bedlam city of noise, neon lights, motor cars and strip joints. Finally, segment three is the restored adventurer's first case : a confrontation with a cigar-smoking harridan operating a clubland protection racket.

By his own account Donald Cotton did much of the work on segments one and two, which were the first parts of the series to be shot. A playwright and a satirist, you notice his contribution is closest to what Sydney Newman originally wanted. His dialogue and character establishing of Adamant is pure satire. With a steely glint and a twinkle in his eyes that only Gerald Harper can muster, Adamant declares himself as a paragon of Victorian virtue, ready to wield his sword against those dark powers seeking to undermine the integrity of his beloved country and its king. Towards women he is the definitive Sir Lancelot, a protector against their physical frailties, and an absolute believer in their gentility and virtue.

Translated onto screen segment one could so easily have lead to the entire series being strangled at birth. Played straight, instead of for laughs, parts of the dialogue are so "Truth, Justice and the Victorian Way" that it risks straining any sense of audience sympathy and credibility.

Fortunately two things save the episode from this fate. The first is the undeniable brilliance of Gerald Harper's performance. Resisting all attempts to go over the top with the role, he finely balances the requirements to make Adam Adamant a man of many parts. On the one hand he is a knight, a gentleman and an adventurer. On the other, he is the mind of Sherlock Holmes (or Sexton Blake?) combined with the wit of Bernard Shaw and the righteous zeal of Superman. In all, Adamant is an exceptionally complex character and Harper's ability to play that character so that he is taken seriously is not to be underestimated.

The other factor that redeems segments one and two is the quality of Ken Westbury's filmed sequences, under the direction of William (Bill) Slater. The Stepney House and Leicester Square scenes have such strong visual impact as to beggar the question, why was Adam Adamant Lives!not a fully filmed series? Had it been so, its challenge to The Avengers would have been much stronger.



Westbury's filmed material is the strongpoint in both *Scoundrels* and *Death Has a Thousand Faces*. Fast paced and beautifully photographed, the scenes in the Stepney house come across as gothic and macabre, the Soho/Piccadilly night scenes as dazzling and deliberately confused, and the Blackpool sea front scenes as buoyant and exhilarating. With a good eye for keeping the image constantly moving, few of Westbury's shots last longer than five seconds each, thus constantly engaging the attention of the audience. It is a technique that works well, the classic example of the genre being the opening titles for The Prisoner. No matter how many times they are viewed, they are never boring.

Sadly, Westbury's flair is not matched by the work of the other two film cameramen, Peter Bartlett and Tony Imi. Their material, most notably the end rooftop scenes in *Scoundrels* and the motorbike chase in *Faces*, concentrates more on close-ups than on settings, the end result being a needless slowing of pace.

This in itself would not ordinarily be so bad, but it compounds the problem when added to slow paced studio material. David Proudfoot's segment three scenes in *Scoundrels* are the worst offenders, and notably he never worked on the series again. Despite a promising script and a worthy performance by Freda Jackson as the hard-faced, very unladylike Margot Kane, the direction is flatter than the dancing in Georgina Jones' discotheque. There is little tension and very unimaginative use of background sound and incidental music.

This is a shame because it wrecks all the expectations of excitement and adventure promised in the title sequence. Hal Shaper and David Lee's theme song is pure Goldfinger, both in arrangement and in rendition by Kathy Kirby who sings the lyrics absolutely in the style of Shirley Bassey. The graphics too have a touch of James Bond; an imaginative blending by Bernard Lodge of high contrast montage photographs, stop-motion animation and filigree lettering that proclaims Adam's identity as a man of steel and a Victorian adventurer who is, above all else, one hundred percent British.

Neither should Bernard Lodge's other contribution of graphics be overlooked; the flashback sequence of Adam's entrapment by The Face and his betrayal by the feckless Louise. This thirty-second stop-motion sequence is seen whenever Adam is coshed on the head or rendered insensible. For whatever reason this became a motif of the first season, guaranteed to appear at least once an episode, in the way that David Banner could always be relied upon to turn green whenever he got cross. It is a startling and surreal way of reminding us about Adam's roots in the past, although by the end of the first series it had got to the point where the audience was expecting the invincible warrior's lapse of guard that would permit a thug to creep up behind and slug him senseless.

The slightly unsatisfactory taste left in the middle of the tape by the flatness of the Margot Kane sub-plot and the pre-Blackpool scenes is luckily remedied by the decision to add a third regular to the show, William E Simms, played by the redoubtable Jack May.

Simms' role is vital. He is a comic foil for the dry humourlessness of Adam Adamant, and he provides Georgina Jones with someone to talk to and confide in. It is startling, though, watching a 60s tape in the 90s, how strange it appears watching both Simms and Miss Jones lighting up cigarettes when they have their first tête-a-tête, sat at a table in a 'greasy spoon' seafront café. In a way it is as much an anachronism now as Adam's amusingly fruitless attempt, in that same café, to prise a wine list from an ill-tempered waitress.

The recruiting of Simms as a regular is interesting too. Rather in the way Doctor Who did with the introduction of Jamie, the option to retain Simms as a regular character was left open ended. The closing moments in *Faces*, where Adam offers Simms a job as his personal valet, is a tagged on film insert which you can't help noticing could easily have been snipped out had Verity Lambert not approved his 'audition show-reel'.

The decision by BBC Video to release these two episodes is a bold one. Although chronologically correct, they do not reflect Adam Adamant Lives!at its best. Harper was still some episodes from softening Adam's manic glint in the eyes, the repartee between Simms and Miss Jones had still to develop and the Face was still a season away from his demonic resurrection.

My money goes on the tape being only a mediocre success — a valuable addition for collectors, but likely to be shunned by the high-spending youth market. However, if this does lead to the cancelling of planned future releases, it would be a pity. Adam Adamant Lives!cannot match The Avengers, but it is a worthy example of a 60s BBC adventure series, and its many good points outweigh the bad.

The style of the programme was unique and the central performances by Gerald Harper, Juliet Harmer and Jack May left much that will always be remembered. And for all that has since been lost, those memories of the 60s and of Adam Adamant will be sweet indeed.

J. JEREMY BENTHAM

STAR TREK THE NEXT GENERATION

KATHLEEN TOTH continues her look at the fourth season of The Next Generation

15) FIRST CONTACT

23RD FEBRUARY 1991

TELEPLAY BY DENNIS RUSSELL BAILEY & DAVID BISCHOFF AND JOE MENOSKY & RONALD D. MOORE; STORY BY MARC SCOTT ZICREE; DIRECTED BY CLIFF BOLE; MUSIC BY RON JONES; VISUAL EFFECTS SUPERVISOR GARY HUTZEL

It is not inevitably true that a story with this many writers is doomed to disappoint, but it is not a bad rule of thumb. Rather discordant elements are brought together in what was obviously intended originally to be a serious examination of the problems presented in deciding when and how to make initial contact with a planet that is about to launch itself into interstellar travel without any idea that there are other civilisations in space. For the most part that seriousness remains, but a jarring note of low comedy impairs the result.

A crew of emergency medical personnel are rushing someone into what appears to be a hospital of some sort. One of them tells the attending physician that this man took a severe blow to the head. The doctors cannot at first find a heartbeat, then discover that the heart is in the wrong place in the body, as are other organs. When they remove the gloves the patient is wearing they discover he has the wrong number of fingers too. "What are you?" mutters the doctor as he looks down at the cosmetically altered but recognisable features of Commander William Riker.

When Riker regains consciousness he explains that he was caught in a riot in the capital city when the police moved in on demonstrators. When asked for his name and home address he insists he is a traveller from a distant part of the planet and has no family who need to be notified. Then he is told that several of his facial features appear to be implants. Riker immediately spins a tale about his "genetic defects" and how this surgery was done to help him. The doctor is clearly sceptical but admits that there are some known cases of genetic mutation. Riker says that he would be more comfortable in the hands of his personal physician, who is familiar with his case. They offer to contact his doctor, but Riker says her name is Crusher and she is away on a sabbatical. The questioning takes a more serious turn when one of the hospital staff holds up a phaser that was found on him and asks what this device is. Riker insists it is just a toy that he bought to take home to a neighbour's child. He asks if they also found a piece of jewellery, a metal pin, but it was not found with him.

Outside the room of this mysterious patient the hospital staff argue violently over what to make of him. One says that this "thing" isn't even the same species and blames all the space flights that have been going on — they have attracted creaturas who could be everywhere. The hospital director warns them to keep such rumours to themselves and not to stir up a panic. However disturbing this man may be, he is still a patient and his life must be protected.

›

Elsewhere in the capital, the Chancellor is meeting with top cabinet officials to make an important decision about the future of this planet's efforts in space. His science adviser, Myrasta, says that they will be able to perfect a warp field generator and break the light barrier within ten months. His security chief, Kroller, is adamantly opposed to this venture into deep space. He reports that many people are confused and frightened, that they feel they are being pulled from traditional ways. The Chancellor respects Kroller's conservatism but decides that the warp programme will continue.

An elated Myrasta returns to her lab, but she is in for a great shock. Picard and Troi materialise before her eyes. At first she thinks someone is playing a trick on her, but she comes to believe that they are truly visitors from an orbiting space ship. They explain that when a society reaches the level of technology that she represents, their people feel the time has come to make first contact like this rather than through a random encounter in deep space. All three beam to the Enterprise, which is the fulfilment of every dream that the scientist has had since she was a small child. Picard explains that they knew who she was because they try to learn as much as possible about a planet by monitoring communications before making first contact. Myrasta is amused by the sort of impression they must have got from popular entertainments. She is more concerned when they hesitantly add that this is followed by surface reconnaissance for several years. She warns that many of her people would view this as an attempt to infiltrate their society. It is clear that Picard is aware of the distrust in her culture. He admits that they accelerated their schedule for making contact because one of their people has gone missing on the surface, his own first officer.

Myrasta promises to try to help locate Riker. She tells Picard that her people's ideology is based on a belief that they are a supreme lifeform and that their planet is the centre of the universe. She believes that Chancellor Durkin will be open-minded but cautious, at least as long as he does not know about Riker. She urges Picard to trust her judgement in this matter and he reluctantly agrees.

At the hospital, the director is having a harder and harder time keeping his staff under control. He asks Riker if he is from another planet and the Starfleet officer treats this as a joke. The director warns him that he is hiding something and that will be very dangerous to everyone.

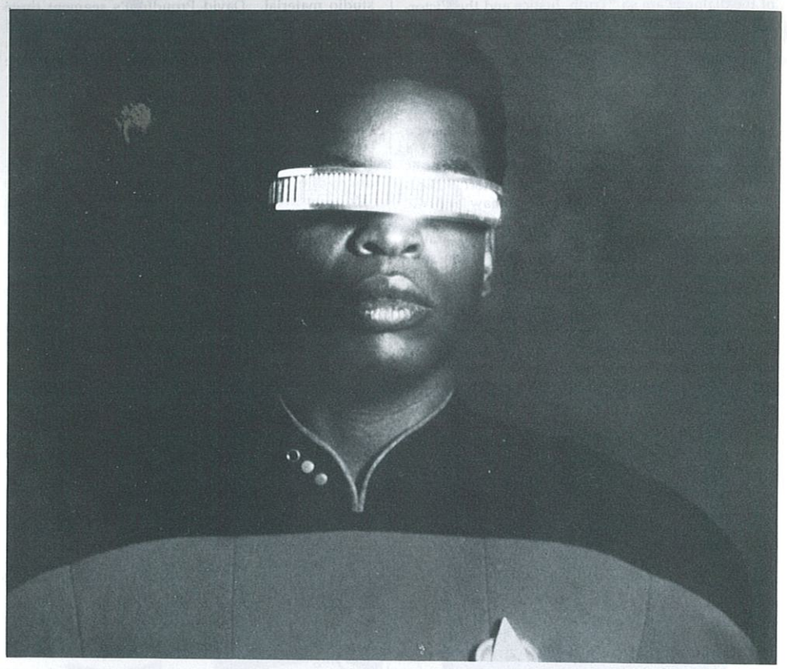
Myrasta introduces Picard to a flabbergasted Chancellor, who is also given a tour of the ship. He is not nearly as enthusiastic about embracing this new era as is his science chief, but he is willing to listen. Picard opens a bottle of his brother's wine and offers a toast to the new friendship between their peoples. But Durkin warns that they have learned not to trust the language of diplomacy. They could be conquerors. Picard assures him that if they do not want to open relations with the Federation, they will leave and never return if they wish. He also says that they will not share all of this technology, not because it is a way to maintain superiority, but because such an immediate transformation of their society would be destructive and harmful. The Chancellor sees the wisdom of this.

Riker has decided that he must escape from the hospital and is trying to force open a window when a new nurse walks in on him. She offers to help him escape if he will have sex with her. She tells a stunned Riker, "I've always wanted to make love to an alien." When they exit the emergency room later, she sends the guard away on a pretext but Riker is discovered before he can get out of the building. He is beaten, aggravating his other injuries and bringing him close to death.

An angry Kroller tells the Chancellor that he is blind to the threat these people represent. He does not care how superior their technology is — he would rather die than give up their traditional way of life. Kroller plays his trump card by telling the Chancellor that they have caught a spy. Myrasta immediately explains that this is Picard's first officer and that he must be returned. She learns that Riker's condition is critical and that Kroller will force him awake to interrogate him even if it kills him.

Picard tries to reason with the Chancellor, accepting responsibility for following Myrasta's advice in not telling him about Riker sooner. In time there would have been full disclosure. On some worlds this kind of presence would have been no problem, but everything they had learned here suggested a hostile reaction. He had hoped to be able to find Riker first and avoid the problem. Durkin is not entirely satisfied and says they will talk later about releasing Riker.

Kroller finds a doctor willing to follow his orders and forces Riker awake. He asks to be left alone with the alien. Durkin has decided not to release Riker until he has been interrogated. Myrasta believes Riker won't survive the day and begs Durkin to tell Picard where to find him. Kroller has discovered that the phaser is a weapon and has decided that there is a way to save his way of life by forcing the Chancellor down another path. He places the phaser in Riker's hand and fires it at himself. Seconds later Dr Crusher and an away team beam into the emergency room.



She orders both Riker and the unconscious security chief to be beamed to sickbay. The doctor is able to save Riker and reports that Kroller was never in real danger because, unknown to him, the phaser was set on stun. Nevertheless, the Chancellor is moved by Kroller's attempt to make himself a martyr. He tells Picard that his people are not yet ready to accept what he represents and that the warp programme will be delayed. He asks Picard to leave and the Captain reluctantly agrees, but this is wholly unsatisfactory to Myrasta. She asks Picard to let her leave with the Enterprise. He warns that they may not come back here in her lifetime. She says she has been ready for the realities of space travel since she was nine and sitting in a planetarium. Picard yields in the face of such enthusiasm and bids Durkin farewell "until we return".

Much publicity was generated by the appearance of Emmy Award winner (for Cheers) Bebe Neuwirth in this episode, so it is doubly appalling that she appears just briefly in the unwelcome role of Nurse Lanel, the alien lover. Riker tells her that he will call her the next time he is in her solar system. Hopefully it will be a very long time before they allow another campy cameo like this one, even for a star of a hit series that happens to also be produced at Paramount. Carolyn Seymour, who previously appeared as the Romulan commander in CONTAGION, makes a much more favourable impression as Myrasta. But the comedy scene aside, the script still suffers from the stilted dialogue about traditional ways that makes the closed-mindedness of a world on the brink of warp travel seem terribly simplistic. There is one of those moments for fans here that Patrick Stewart is so fond of using, when Picard offers up the bottle of wine that his brother gave him in FAMILY, but most fans felt this was a waste of that special vintage — it was expected that it might appear again in some context having personal significance for Picard.

16) **GALAXY'S CHILD** 16TH MARCH 1991

TELEPLAY BY MAURICE HURLEY; STORY BY THOMAS KARTOZIAN; DIRECTED BY WINRICH KOLBE; MUSIC BY DENNIS MCCARTHY; VISUAL EFFECTS SUPERVISOR DAN CURRY

The mid-season doldrums begin to ease a bit with this episode, which is also the first this season to feature a prominent role for Geordi. In keeping with the trend of season four, he encounters someone from a previous season, after a fashion.

The Enterprise is stopping at Starbase 313 to pick up equipment for delivery to a distant star system. Picard informs Geordi that they will also be picking up a special guest who is coming to study the engine modifications he has been making. Geordi is thrilled to learn that this guest is the Senior Design Engineer from the Theoretical Propulsion Group, one Dr Leah Brahms. He eagerly takes up Picard's offer to go and greet her on behalf of the crew. Of course, despite Geordi's feeling that Leah is an old friend, he has never actually met *her*. He has come to know a holodeck projection of her that was created along with schematics of the original engine designs when he needed to find a way to modify the engines to overcome a deadly power drain caused by an ancient weapon of war (in last season's BOOBY TRAP). Geordi, who has often been unsure of himself around women, found a kindred spirit in the holodeck Dr Brahms and confided in Guinan that she seemed to be the ideal woman for him.

So it is natural that he goes to tell Guinan who is coming aboard. It does not escape her attention that he seems very nervous, as befits a man who is about to come face to face with his dream. He says that he is not necessarily expecting romance, he just knows that whatever else happens they will be good friends. But when he goes to the transporter room the first words from Dr Brahms are far from friendly: "So you're the one who's fouled up my engine designs!" She begins objecting to all the changes he has made and they quickly plunge into a heated debate over the relative merits of theory and experience.

On the bridge, Data is intrigued by some unusual energy readings from an uncharted solar system. Since they have time to study this phenomenon, Riker orders an alteration in course to investigate. They find something in orbit around the seventh planet and a smile lights up round Picard's face when Data assures him that whatever it is has never been seen before.

Nobody is smiling down in engineering, where Dr Brahms has discovered a change in crystal alignment that was not due to be made until the next class of starship. Geordi fumbles for an explanation of how he knew so much about her plans and finally invites her out to dinner later in his quarters to map out the remainder of her inspection.

Picard is trying to conduct his own inspection of what now seems to be a lifeform, but the sensors cannot penetrate the exterior. Riker orders a standard launch of probes but this causes the creature to turn its attention to the ship and probe them in response. When it begins to move towards the Enterprise, Picard orders a slow reverse course, so as not to alarm it. But the lifeform emits an energy damping field that immobilises the ship. Picard reluctantly orders a phaser burst at minimum power to try to free them. To his horror, the creature is not just stunned — its life-signs cease. This is the antithesis of what brought him to space; they are here to explore, to learn, and "absolutely not to destroy". Troi assures him that everything he did was consistent with established Starfleet procedures, but that is slight comfort. Suddenly Data reports a new energy reading, giving hope that the creature still lives.

Geordi has renewed hopes too, as he busies himself preparing subdued lighting, soft music and lighted candles as he awaits Dr Brahms in his quarters. She is surprised to find him dressed informally, and still more surprised when he mentions that she has changed her hairstyle. He quickly explains that he had seen a photo of her in her personnel file, but that only leads her to ask why he would have been looking in her file. Nevertheless, she unbends a bit and apologises if she has seemed unyielding. She just cares a great deal about her work, and as a consequence people find her cold: "sometimes I feel more comfortable with engine schematics than people." Geordi says she just hasn't met the right people. The doctor suddenly sees that the evening is moving in quite unexpected directions and hastily declines to stay for dinner. Instead she curtly arranges to continue her tour of engineering during Geordi's next watch.

The bridge crew is awaiting Data's analysis of the new sensor readings. He concludes that what he is seeing is not a tissue regeneration, but another entity inside the first. Picard quickly realises that the creature attacked because it was about to give birth. A staff meeting is called to consider the situation. Dr Crusher thinks the offspring is still immature or else it would be able to break out of the dead body of the parent. She decides that they can help to free it if she can adjust the phasers to act as a scalpel. Worf objects that the baby might be a threat just as the parent was, but Picard will not turn away after being responsible for the death of the parent. The doctor's plan works and, to Picard's great relief, a small version of the other lifeform slips into space.

Geordi finds himself crawling through power conduits with Leah Brahms, who is amazed at all the innovative work he has done. She urges him to write a paper, but he wants her to collaborate with him on it. She finally says that there has been something peculiar about his attitude ever since she arrived, that he seems to know so much about her. Geordi just says that he has studied her, admired her work for a long time — and he'd like to think they could become good friends. She says she thought he knew she is married — he seems to know everything else about her! This unexpected news sends Geordi back to Ten Forward and Guinan. He is in a major depression; "she hates what I've done and she's married." Guinan is not terribly sympathetic. She says he had a nice fantasy where he saw what he wanted to see. Now he is going to have to see Leah for who she really is.

Picard thinks it is time to leave before any more harm is done, but the "child" follows the retreating starship. Troi sees that it has imprinted on the ship — it thinks they are its mother. The lifeform attaches itself to the Enterprise and begins to drain energy from the fusion reactors. Geordi estimates that at the rate that energy is being absorbed, power will be exhausted in six or seven hours. They try to determine what the parent's destination may have been and Data pinpoints an asteroid belt.

Brahms and Geordi are seeking ways to conserve energy, and she asks to see the file on engine modifications that he created during the previous crisis. In his absence she discovers there is also a holodeck program related to this file and goes to run it. When Geordi realises where she has gone he rushes to try to stop her, but only arrives to find the real Leah face to face with her holodeck version. She is incensed. She accuses him of creating a fantasy plaything and says she feels violated. He denies he did anything wrong. This was a professional collaboration in a crisis situation. She is not persuaded — how many other programs did he create? Geordi finally explodes and says he has shown her respect ever since she came aboard and only been given insults in return. He says he is only guilty of offering friendship.

The ship, with the child still attached, reaches the asteroids. They appear to contain feeding material for the infant, if they could just get it to separate from the hull, but attempts to dislodge it fail. However, their efforts do provoke it to "cry", and they discover three more adult creatures in the asteroid belt speeding towards them in response to the child's distress. At this crucial moment Geordi and Leah come up with the idea to alter the energy the child is absorbing to make it unpalatable. This strategy works just in time to prevent a confrontation with the adults. The infant joins them on a journey back to the feeding grounds, leaving the ship free to continue its mission.

A much more relaxed Geordi and Leah share drinks and laughter in Ten Forward later. Geordi admits that he did get a little attached to the lady in the holodeck and she laughs over the look on his face when he found them there together. Their friendship is indeed blossoming when she receives an incoming message from her husband. She leaves to take it in private, and Geordi realises that he is alone again.

Susan Gibney reprises her role as Leah Brahms and, of course, plays both her holodeck version and the real thing here. Geordi seems doomed to appearing more inept with women than any of the rest of the crew now that plans to have him marry were altered in favour of O'Brien taking that step. The creature plotline is helped considerably by very nice special effects, creating an appealing entity resembling a space whale that travels the ocean of interstellar space.

A Book too Broad

DAVID GIBBS reviews the first of the Timewyrm series, *Genesys* by John Peel

THE CLAIMS made for Virgin Books' latest venture into the world of Doctor Who — *The New Adventures* — are extravagant to say the least. "Full length science-fiction novels: stories too broad and too deep for the small screen ... *The New Adventures* take the TARDIS into previously unexplored realms of space and time."

Well, yes and no. A full length science-fiction novel, yes. At 230 pages certainly the rival of many on the shelves at WH Smith, with a cover to match (unlike apparently the majority of fans I actually quite like the cover, despite the ghastly logo, and feel that it accurately conveys the feel of the book, which, after all, is the point of a jacket illustration). And yet ... To suggest, as Peter Darvill-Evans does in his preface, that this book might "continue the trend of recent seasons toward complex, challenging plots with serious themes" might give the impression that this is another *Ghost Light* or a *Fenric*, which it isn't.

What it is, however, is very traditional Doctor Who of the run-around-get-captured-and-escape mould, the kind of Doctor Who that we all cut our teeth on and that, if we're really going to be honest, we all secretly rather enjoy. It is this kind of story, the staple of Doctor Who in the 60s and 70s, of which I suspect John Peel is a fan, as displayed in his novelisations of mid-60s Dalek stories. *Timewyrm : Genesys* is none the worse for being traditional and is the archetypal "darned goöd read". I think Darvill-Evans gets it right when he describes the first book in his new series as "a two-fisted, sword-wielding, action-packed adventure". It's not high art, it doesn't expand the horizons of the Doctor Who format one iota, but it *is* entertaining.

However ... it also tries to be 'adult', and here it fails, badly. Now I don't know if deep inside Target books last summer there was a conference wherein Peter Darvill-Evans was saying to John Peel, "now remember John, we're aiming for an adult audience here" and John Peel replies, "okay Peter, I can put a bit of tit and bum on page 12 and leave Ace starkers for a chapter, how's that?", but that's the impression one gets when reading it. If I may quote:

> "Oblivious to the jealousies of his noblemen and their wives, the king finished lapping up his drink and lay back on his pillows. The girl — he wished he could remember her name,he could never remember their names — giggled again and wiggled most pleasingly. Now, this was what a woman was for. He grabbed a roast pheasant with one hand and her backside with the other.
>
> 'My Lord!' she tittered, trying to pull her skirt back down. 'Can't you wait ... at least a while?'
>
> 'I've waited long enough,' he told her between mouthfuls of bird. 'And now this silly spying stuff is over, I can get down to important things.' He squeezed the firm buttock again.
>
> 'And was your adventure dreadfully boring?' she asked, making a show of fighting him off.
>
> 'No,' he told her. 'There was one interesting bit.' Then he grinned down at her. 'But wait till this feast is over ...' he promised. 'Then we'll have more interesting bits that you've ever imagined, my girl."

This kind of chauvinistic, sexist, *badly-written* text wouldn't get past the subs at Fiesta — so what's it doing in a Doctor Who novel supposedly aimed at a 'mature' audience? I can imagine that a few 13 year-olds might get off on this kind of Heavy Metal view of sex, but quite frankly I don't, and neither, I suspect, do most of this book's intended audience. Peel never misses an opportunity to mention the fact that En-Gula, a prostitute from the temple of Ishtar, spends the entire story topless ("her bare breasts marked her clearly as one of the priestesses of the goddess of love"), the age of some of the 'sexually-mature' women in the story (Ninani is 14, En-Gula only 13), or to describe the sexual mores of every sector of Mesopotamian society. I don't deny that the ages are accurate, that the overtly-sexist attitudes of the men and submissiveness of the women is a true depiction of life in that kind of society, but it adds nothing to the story and serves only to reinforce the reader's impression that Peel is trying to titillate his readers by writing this kind of sub-Gor nonsense.

All this is a shame as it detracts from the very real qualities of the rest of the book. *Timewyrm : Genesys* is a jolly good read and I think that I had better redress the balance in its favour after my preceding remarks. There is much to reccomend it, not least being the construction of the plot. Strangely enough, it was the storyline that came in for most criticism in the preview that appeared in DWB a few months back, but I struggled hard, and in vain, to find any major defects. As I said before, it follows the traditional pattern of 'classic' Who religiously, with the Doctor and Ace arriving, meeting up with some locals, finding out about a mystery (in this case an evil alien who's taken over the neighbouring city), they go and investigate, split up, get captured, escape, run up and down a sub-plot in episode three and get reunited in time for the almost-but-not-quite incomprehensible finalé at the end of episode four. All formula Doctor Who, but it worked well for nigh on 25 years so why tamper unnecessarily? It makes for an entertaining read that is hard to put down, and that is the mark of a good book.

Stylistically, it's not Booker material, but it's a step up from the normal novelisations of tv runarounds, and indeed I wouldn't mind seeing it on television. It could be done — a few cheap Mesopotamian sets, constantly redressed to look like different parts of the city, some location filming in the BBC sandpit, a couple of CSO effects for the spaceships, and minimal costume requirements (some of the ladies would have to cover up for prime-time, though). Just so long as they got rid of the "women are objects for men to use" ideology and the direction was better than the dialogue, which quite honestly stinks, it could be "a rattling good yarn".

There is, thankfully, slightly more to the book than just a good storyline. Ace, as ever, comes out well, so it's no surprise that Sophie Aldred agreed to write the introduction to this volume. The Doctor is a little two-dimensional, but then that could just be the seventh Doctor being irritatingly 'mysterious' as he was wont to be on screen, so no real complaints there.

There is far, far too much 'continuity', which seems to be little more than an opportunity for Peel to show off his knowledge of stories past. These elements are introduced by way of an 'explanation' for the benefit of new readers, but quite honestly they would simply confuse anyone who hadn't seen the stories concerned and just serve to irritate the hell out of even the most casual fan. (The appearance of the third Doctor in the final chapters is a prime example — Pertwee simply did not go round saying things like "Jumping Jehosephat!" and after the fifth reference to past companions and "reversing the polarity of the neutron flow" you just wish the old dear would go back whence he came.)

References to Iceworld and Paradise Towers would mean something to only the most fannish reader, and yet they are the ones who pick up on the mistakes — Ace never went to Paradise Towers, so how come she remembers that adventure? Oh yes, I forgot, the Doctor's been tampering with her memories — a convenient plot device to explain the scenario for the new chaps that at first seems clever, then stumbles towards irritating, and ends up as just downright clumsy. A shame.

But it is a good book, and well worth the £3.50 being asked for it. If you like historical adventures (and there's more than a touch of the *Myth Makers* and *Time Monster* about it), or you dig weird and wonderful computer concepts, or you just want to find out what the Doctor and Ace did next, then take a look. Ignore the bad sex, the occasional clumsy phrasing and the ghastly continuity references and underneath you'll find good, solid, honest Doctor Who. A promising start to a new series, and I can't wait for *Exodus*.

VIDEO AND SATELLITE DISPELLING MYTHS

Kenneth Horlock, Gillingham, Kent (30-5-91)
THANKS for DWB#89. Good stuff as ever, especially Journey Into Space and The Highlanders.

Had to agree with Keith Dando's 'Horns of a Dilemma' as the advent of videos and BSB have served to dispel quite a few myths set up by those-in-the-know... Of course, at the end of the day, it's all down to personal opinion, but, when you're given the suggestion over the years that **The War Games**, for example, is best viewed after setting your alarm clock for the end of episode nine, you can't help but believe. As it happens though, I found **The War Games** thoroughly enjoyable - only trying really when Frazer Hines tried to be funny. **The Space Museum** is another. "Boring", they say, "Made up on the 2d left over after **The Web Planet** had hopelessly overrun its budget". Well, I saw it on BSB last year and, again, I have to disagree. Episode one in particular must rate as one of the best single episodes of **Doctor Who** I think I've ever seen - atmospheric and gripping from the word go - and is worth the admission money alone. **The Keys of Marinus** is another I've personally found enjoyable. Indeed, it's been the so-called "classics" - **Dalek Invasion of Earth** and **The Web Planet** - that I have found hardest to get into on finally seeing them.

Good to see **The Time Tunnel** back (again). Like **Doctor Who** this has many 'myth' episodes, and when last year it ran on my ITV channel at various points between one and three in the morning, I tended to pick and choose the ones I saw based on that. Already this current run, I've seen two episodes I might not normally have bothered with and have, quite honestly, found them to be possibly the best of the whole series! Indeed, on current form, I'm enjoying **The Time Tunnel** more than **Star Trek - The Next Generation!**

Talking of STTNG, people are always comparing it with **Star Trek**, but I think it has more in common with another Irwin Allen series - **Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea.** The professional relationship between Picard and Riker is much more akin to that of Nelson and Crane than the less formal Kirk and Spock. Also the STTNG crew have pips on their collars to denote rank, as did the Seaview crew. There was no such system in Kirk's world. Similarly I've noticed that the shore party (away team) in **Voyage** tends to be led by Crane with Nelson staying on the Seaview. The same in STTNG where Picard regularly remains on the Enterprise while his Number One leads the off-ship mission. Not so in **Star Trek**, where the key officers regularly explored strange new worlds together. What does all this prove though? Maybe that when people base their like or dislike of STTNG on how it compares with **Star Trek** they are being very unfair as the two shows really have very little in common.

Finally, you may remember way back in DWB#66 I told you about the relationship as I saw it between **Lost in Space** the comic and the TV series and which came first. I've since discovered that in the British comic 'Knockout', between 1954 and 1959, there was a strip called Space Family **Rollinson.** If Gold Key ever **had** tried to sue or whatever over Allen using the same sort of idea, what a good defence Space Family Rollinson would've been...

MORE ON MYTHS

Matthew Smith, Hastings, E.Sussex (1-6-91)
Congratulations on DWB#89. The feature on **Doctor Who** designers and **The Highlanders** telepics the obvious highlights.

However, I must say that I find your comment on the **Macra Terror** pics - "Where on earth are the **other** 200 or so off-monitor stills from this story..." - somewhat annoying when placed in context with past events in DWB.

Way back in DWB#2, you wrote an article on missing episodes which got you into trouble with the BBC. In DWB#5 you followed this up with an editorial claiming "conclusive evidence" of a person who had several missing episodes, including all of, **The Macra Terror** and **The Invasion.** In DWB#7, Robert Cope claimed he knew for a fact that **The Tenth Planet** 4, **The Abominable Snowmen** 1 and episodes from **The Power of the Daleks** existed! In the same issue, Christopher Wallace told of the loss of **The Invasion** 4, which apparently went missing **after** it had been returned to the BBC.

Why was nothing done to retrieve these episodes, and why has there still been nothing done, particularly if you knew the people involved? Why, as Roy Willing asked in DWB#19, have you "glossed over" your involvement with regard to these missing episodes? Please explain!

*ED: Oh, how young and naive DWB was way back then! Of course, post-DWB#20 we have tended to treat rumours with the pinch of salt they deserve - the latest being the supposed materialisation of **The Celestial Toymaker** 1 and **The Abominable Snowmen** 4 in a London nightclub! The only 'rumour' in recent years to be based on fact was the discovery of **The Faceless Ones** 3 and **The Evil of the Daleks** 2 in 1987, episodes that would have surfaced two years earlier had the owner's claims not been dismissed as yet more rumour! Anyone can start a rumour, and so many are invented concerning missing **Doctor Who** episodes that it is simply impossible to follow-up every story and, inevitably, genuine claims will have fallen by the wayside as a result. In its earlier days DWB was inclined to print news of any rumours as fact, hence Matthew's confusion.*

PHOTONOVEL PRAISE

Stephen Baycroft, NSW Australia (21-5-91)
I am absolutely delighted that you are publishing more photonovel material and look forward to the next instalments of **The Highlanders.** Although I have only spoken to a few **Doctor Who** fans out here, all are ecstatic about the photonovels, particularly as most have given up hope of seeing anything except a few stills from each story. Congratulations on making our little group so happy!

Anthony Clark, Tooting, London (3-6-91)
Gerry Davis has expressed to me his pleasure at the excellent coverage his story **The Highlanders** has been given by DWB and he was also delighted by the positive review that the **Doomwatch** videos received in DWB#89. However he would like to correct the impression given by the article that Terence Dudley had some involvement in the content of **The Plastic Eaters** episode when this was not the case.

D W A S "TOO CONSERVATIVE"

John Papadatos, Melbourne, Oz (22-5-91)
DWB#89 contained the most features I have seen in the magazine for a long time. It took me three days to savour every aspect of this exceptional issue. The cover photo was an excellent choice and doubly so was your decision to limit **The Highlanders Photonovel** to one episode per issue as there was a danger of your readers (including myself) potentially suffering from "photonovel fatigue" after last year's (both exceptional fanzines nonetheless!). Your Alexandra Tynan interview was as good as the one she gave at the Enlightenment '91 convention I attended here in Melbourne in January, and a fine convention it was too.

As for the DWAS debate, to an Australian fan like myself, who has never been a member of this organisation, it comes across as an extremely insular dispute within the different fan factions of Britain. It would be interesting, however, to read what past DWAS executives have to say about the current state of the society *(Dominic May did just that last issue! - ED)*, as they are really the only ones who can give the readers a precise observation of the "decline" of the DWAS. The only comment I can make is that they are obviously aware of their prominence as an organisation in the mainstream media, and thus perhaps they are too wary and in turn too conservative and passive, especially regarding the situation concerning the Day of Action. I agree with DWB's assertion that the DWAS must co-operate in discussions to resolve your differences, because the longer this dispute continues, the more trivial and petty it will seem to 'neutral' fans.

Alastair Bloundele, Oxon (20-5-91)
The current situation between the DWAS and this magazine is best summed up by one word: "Pathetic". There is absolutely nothing to be gained by all this "severing of relationships" and "banning from conventions", I mean, for crying out loud, what is the point of fandom if the major (and minor) contingents involved spend all of their time bickering - which is what it all boils down to. Having said that, I offer my opinions as to why I think DWB is in the better position.

I was a DWAS member until this month when my membership expired, and I present this following conclusion (as gained from parting with £10 and waiting 12 months): The DWAS does **nothing!** Okay, maybe that's a bit untrue, but I expected more than 12 issues of a feeble magazine (take the current self-indulgent instalment as a prime example), which is basically all the DWAS offers. In which case, why on earth do they have a "high and mighty" executive (who must be on some kind of bad ego-trip)? It takes one person to produce a magazine of CT's standard, so what do the co-ordinator et al actually do? As for Panopticon, well that's someone else's concern, not the executive's - although I'm sure they have an enjoyable time at the event.

Next point: I couldn't give a truckload of monkeys about the fact that DWB is "profit-making" - that kind of remark really does exhibit some form of jealousy. A simple analysis between the quality of CT (non-profit, done in free-time - i.e. change editors if one of them is too busy) and DWB (profit-garnering, done full-time) simply shows the benefits of more time and money injected into a publication. I'm sure DWB hasn't acquired all those really great telesnaps (the recent, excellent Troughton photonovels) for nothing, and CT cannot compete with such features.

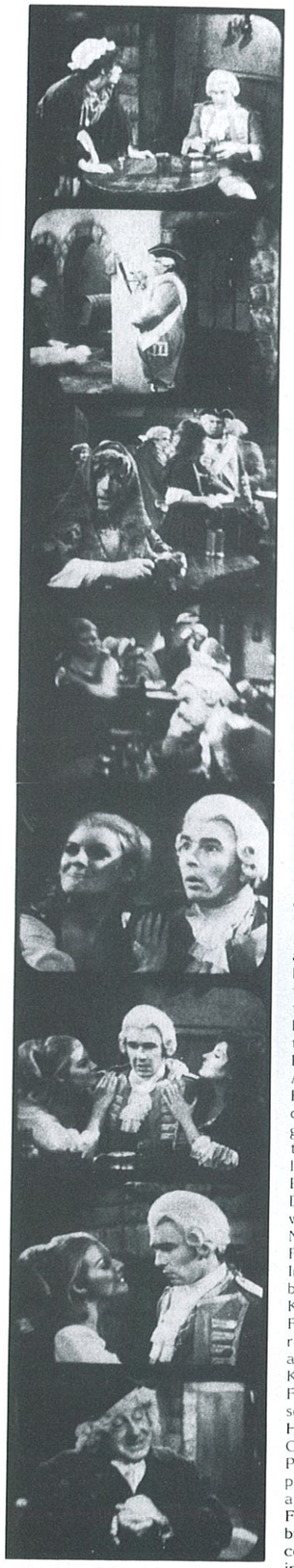
If the DWAS want to know how to run a fan club (which is all it really is when you >13

The new arrivals are herded down onto the hold of the Annabelle. Rows of benches and leg irons disappear off into the darkness. Ben looks down into the dark, cramped conditions:
There's no room for anyone down there.
TRASK: Room enough for rebels. Get stowed below.
Ben starts to climb down the ladder and catches his breath as he splutters:
What you got here? Stinkin' fish?
TRASK: That's exactly what it is. Stinking fish.
JAMIE: Well, I'm not going.
Trask brandishes his sword:
You know who's master here.
Jamie, Ben and the laird climb down into the hold and find themselves places amongth the other prisoners. Jamie turns to the laird:
Are you feeling better?
LAIRD: A little bit. My fever's going.
JAMIE: You'll be no better for being cooped up in this hell-hole.
BEN: But for how long? Where are they sending us?
JAMIE: Who knows...
BEN: Someone here might.
He turns to another of the prisoners:
Hey, mate. Any idea where they're sending us?
The prisoner, MacKay, reacts to Ben's accent:
Spies!
A commotion passes through the ranks of the prisoners.
MACKAY: An Englishman. We can strike one more blow for Scotland.
BEN: What are you talkin' about?
MACKAY: One more piece of vermin to stamp out.
Ben backs away as a large group or prisoners gather in a ring around him.
MACKAY: Put your foot on him and tramp his English bones into the deck.
LAIRD: Will MacKay would never strike a friend of the Prince.
MACKAY: I know that voice.
Jamie helps the laird to his feet:
Have you been away so long you don't recognise me?
MACKAY: It's him! Colin McLaren himself.
LAIRD: Aye, and Jamie, son of Donald McCrimmon, a piper like his father, and his father's father.
MacKay points to Ben:
This Englishman, is he a friend of the Prince?
LAIRD: He's a friend of mine. He helped bring me here, weak but alive.
MACKAY: Then I beg your pardon. A friend of the McLarens is a friend of mine.
BEN: Thanks mate. I'm glad to hear it.
MACKAY: But how come he's here with you?
JAMIE: He's a deserter from the English fleet.
MACKAY: I'm a man of the sea myself. The master of this very vessel.
BEN: If you're the skipper,

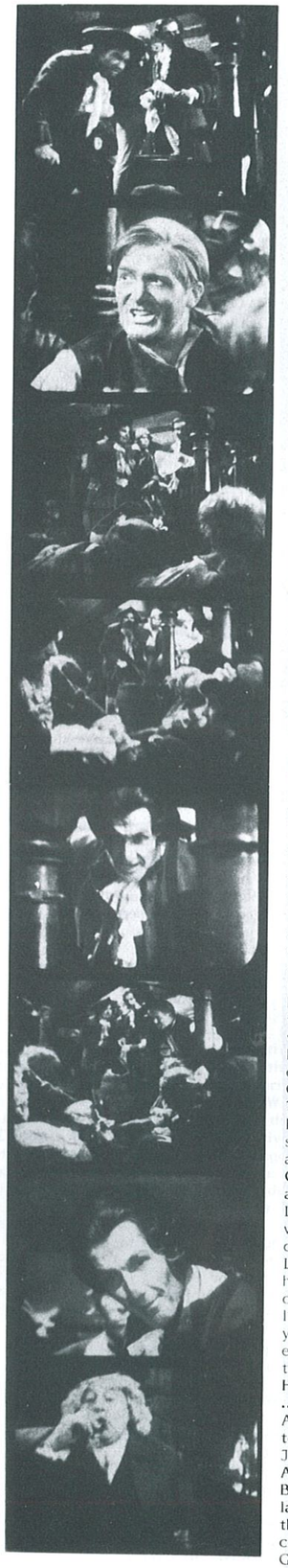
what's that Trask geezer doin' on the bridge?
MACKAY: That shark was my mate. I was running arms from France past that blockade. He betrayed me and the Navy boarded the Annabelle and now he's sailing the ship for King George.
BEN: Oh yeah?
MACKAY: You doubt my word?
BEN: No skipper, just the bit about working for King George.
MACKAY: What do you mean?
BEN: We're not exactly bein' treated like prisoners of war now, are we? Has it occurred to you that Trask could be using this vessel without the knowledge of his King, in order to work some fiddle on his own account?
MACKAY: Fiddle?
BEN: Look mate, he's going to sell us like the stinkin' fish he thinks we are. Slave labour, that's what we're going to be.

Polly is hiding in a barn. She has drawn herself down into a bale of hay on hearing the sound of movement outside.
Kirsty! You gave me such a fright.
KIRSTY: I'm not used to fetching and carrying. We used to have our own servants.
POLLY: Have you got everything?
KIRSTY: Aye, some clothes for you, and trays and oranges. But why do we have to spend our money on oranges?
POLLY: You'll see.
She examines the clothes:
These are great, last time we went back to the past I had to wear boys' clothes.
She pulls on a dress over her own short skirt:
How do I look?
KIRSTY: Bonnie enough.
POLLY: Now for the oranges and trays.
She starts to pile the fruit up on the wooden trays.
KIRSTY: You're not going to have us selling oranges, are you?
POLLY: You do have orange sellers, don't you?
KIRSTY: Of course we do, but coarse, common girls.
POLLY: The sort that hang around soldiers?
KIRSTY: Yes...
POLLY: Right, then we'll be orange sellers. How else will we find out where they've taken the Doctor and your father?
KIRSTY: If they catch us?
POLLY: We still have a friend.
KIRSTY: Who?
POLLY: Algernon Ffinch, always assuming he got out of that terrible pit.

The Sea Eagle Inn is full with drinking revellers. There is a steady hubbub, chatter and the clink of glasses. Ffinch slumps down at a table looking very foot-sore and tired. He is unaware that his arrival has caught the attention of a hunch-backed old woman at the other end of the bar. A serving wench pours Ffinch a



glass of wine from which he takes a deep swig:
Be off with you. I'll pay you later.
Polly and Kirsty are escorted into the inn by a burly Sergeant who has hold of their arms and shows no sign of releasing his grip. He drags them over to where Ffinch is sitting:
Come on over here and see the officer.
Ffinch looks up from his drink.
KIRSTY: Take your hands off me!
POLLY: Kirsty, be quiet.
KIRSTY: I'm not going to have a great ignorant Englishman laying hands on me.
Ffinch's mouth drops open in surprise at the sight of the two women.
POLLY: Algernon!
FFINCH: Oh, no...
SERGEANT: These two look like the rebels we was hunting yesterday, sir.
POLLY: Tell him we're not, Algy dear.
FFINCH: Now, just a minute.
Polly and Kirsty take seats either side of Ffinch and lean on his shoulders.
POLLY: We're old friends.
SERGEANT: I can see that.
FFINCH: Well, that's all, Sergeant. Go about your business.
The Sergeant leaves, rounding up some of his men on his way out of the inn.
FFINCH: This is really too much.
POLLY: Oh Algy, we thought you might be flattered. We turned to you for help immediately we were in trouble.
The Doctor pulls his shawl down over his face and edges to the next table where Ffinch, Polly and Kirsty are assembled.
KIRSTY: Just the sort of man two defenceless girls would turn to in trouble.
FFINCH: I could have you thrown in prison.
POLLY: Algernon Thomas Alfred Ffinch of the...
FFINCH: Stop it! What more do you want from me? You've got my money. I've not even the price of a glass of wine left on me.
POLLY: I don't suppose the Doctor and the others have water to drink, let alone wine. Now, where are they?
FFINCH: How should I know? In prison I expect, where they belong.
KIRSTY: Where are they?
FFINCH: I don't know! I just round them up. You'll have to ask Solicitor Grey.
KIRSTY: Where's he?
FFINCH: He's got a room somewhere near here.
He looks very dejected:
Can I go?
POLLY (sarcastically): Oh, you poor thing! But be careful...not a word to anyone.
Ffinch gets up to leave and bumps into Perkins who is coming through the door. He indicates to Polly and Kirsty:



Two wenches there to see the solicitor.
Perkins delivers a sickening smile and slides up to the women:
Cedric Perkins, solicitor's clerk at your service ladies. Now, what can I do for you?
POLLY: Where is the solicitor?
PERKINS: Seeing to his duties. Giving some rebel prisoners the choice between life and death.

Trask and Grey are standing at the top of the ladder leading down into the hold containing the rebel prisoners.
TRASK: Silence, you bilge rats. The solicitor has news for you.
GREY: Rebels, your attention. I have an offer of clemency from His Gracious Majesty King George.
The prisoners start to mutter amongst themselves.
This clemency can be withdrawn, so hark ye. It has pleased His Majesty to declare that whereas there are a great many rebellious subjects in gaol, a speedy example must be made of them. Therefore, it is ordained that there are those required as witnesses. Those not wanting to turn King's evidence will be hanged.
The prisoners start shouting.
TRASK: Sit down you dogs.
He produces a whip.
GREY: There is an alternative.
Two sailors descend the ladder carrying a small table and a pen and ink.
GREY: Plantation workers are required for His Majesty's plantations in the West Indies. I have here contracts for seven years. Sign your names to these and you will receive free transportation to your new homes. Well...which of you lucky lads will be the first to sign?
One of the prisoners gets up and starts to walk forward.
MACKAY: Don't touch that! I have seen these plantations in the Indies. No one of you men will live out your seven years. Better a quick and honourable death at the end of a rope.
GREY: Who is this man?
TRASK: William MacKay. Former master of this vessel. I should have done for him long ago.
Grey addresses the prisoners again:
Listen, all of you. You heard what MacKay offers you - death with honour. What! Lingering on the end of a halter? What I offer is a chance to work for your liberty. Unless, Mr. MacKay, you should want to turn King's evidence? For those that wish to sign...
He points to the table:
...over here.
A slow stream of rebels starts to descend on the table.
JAMIE: Fools!
After a few moments only Ben, Jamie, MacKay and the laird are left standing out of the line for signing the contracts.
GREY: Only four for the

gallows.
BEN: Can I sign?
GREY: Why not...
BEN: Can I read it first?
GREY: Of course.
Ben picks up the contracts and promptly tears them into pieces. Trask leaps forward and strikes him on the side of his head with the handle of his whip. Ben falls unconscious to the floor.
GREY: Clap him in irons! When I return with new contracts, bind him and drop him from the highest yard-arm.
Two sailors pick up the unconscious figure and haul him up the ladder.

Perkins has purchased a bottle of sherry and is leering at Polly and Kirsty in an attempt to impress them. The Doctor is still sitting at the next table, unrecognisable to the two women as his face is hidden by a shawl.
POLLY: Mr. Grey doesn't seem to be coming.
She moves to leave.
PERKINS: You won't deprive an old fellow of your charming company? I'm sure he won't be long.
Polly and Kirsty stand up, despite Perkins indicating for them to remain seated:
I insist.
POLLY: No.
PERKINS: Then I'll rouse the watch. They may be interested in two such genteel orange wenches.
The two women sit back down.
PERKINS: That's better. To pass the time, what say you to a nice round of whist?
The Doctor leans over:
You need four for whist.
PERKINS: Kindly remove yourself madam.
DOCTOR: Nothing finer than a round of whist.
PERKINS: Madam, I told you...
The Doctor jabs Perkins in his ample bell with Grey's pistol. The clerk stops dead in his tracks:
The German doctor!
DOCTOR: Perhaps you'd like to count the trumps?
Grey enters the inn, his face lined with fury.
DOCTOR: Oh dear.
GREY: Perkins, what the devil are you doing?
PERKINS: Well, I...er...just playing a game of cards.
The Doctor prods Perkins in the small of his back with the gun.
GREY: Come up to my room. I want more contracts.
He strides out:
Come on Perkins, make haste.
Perkins addresses the Doctor nervously:
I have to go.
DOCTOR: Remember, you've seen nothing. Your eyes, remember - you wouldn't want another headache now, would you?
PERKINS: No...
DOCTOR: I'll tell you what you're going to do. We ladies are going to leave first. You're going to sit here for ten

minutes.
PERKINS: Yes doctor, ten minutes.
The Doctor, Polly and Kirsty leave the inn.

The Doctor is being shown the women's hideout inside the barn.
POLLY: What do you think?
DOCTOR: Very good.
POLLY: The look on that horrible man's face.
KIRSTY: It was a picture.
POLLY: Why did he call you the German doctor?
The Doctor produces Grey's pistol and waves it around.
POLLY: Doctor! Be careful...
DOCTOR: It's not loaded. Dangerous things.
POLLY: These clothes really do suit you.
KIRSTY: You look the image of my old granny.
Both girls laugh.
POLLY: You managed to cheer Kirsty up.
KIRSTY: Aye, I'd almost forgotten.
POLLY: Well, now. What are we going to do?
DOCTOR: Do? What do you mean, do?
He adjusts his serving wench's disguise, lays back in the straw, yawns and pulls his tall hat down over his eyes.
POLLY: Doctor! Don't go all sleepy on us now. We've got to do something.
DOCTOR: Fine. Go ahead.
Polly restrains her urge to kick him and turns to Kirsty:
If only we knew where the others were.
DOCTOR: They're on a ship.
POLLY: What?
DOCTOR: They're on a ship: The Annabelle. The master's name is Trask - not a nice man, you wouldn't like him.
Polly prods the inert figure:
Doctor! Doctor, look, if they're on a ship then we've got to get them off, or...
DOCTOR: Or what?
POLLY: Or...capture the ship.
KIRSTY: And then what would we do?
Polly pauses momentarily as she tries desperately to remember her school history lessons:
Couldn't you sail for somewhere safe? Wasn't France your ally or something?
KIRSTY: I'll not leave Scotland.
DOCTOR: It'd be safer.
KIRSTY: Never!
DOCTOR: Well, it wouldn't be for very long, just a centu... just for a few years. Then you'd be daft to come back.
KIRSTY: But why should I leave my own country?
DOCTOR: Oh, please yourself.
He settles back down into the hay, intent on pursuing his little nap:
But you'll only find you'll probably get killed if you stay in the glens.
He yawns and closes his eyes. Kirsty grudgingly admits to herself that the Doctor is right:
Are you sure there's no other way?

POLLY: The Doctor says it won't be for long.
KIRSTY: Then what must we do?
POLLY: We must make a plan. Doctor...
She prods the dozing Doctor in the ribs and he emits an irritated grumping sound.
Doctor! Have you got a plan for us?
DOCTOR: No!
POLLY: Oh, come on, I know you better than that. You must have a plan.
The Doctor sighs, sits up and adopts a deep-in-thought expression:
Well, it's just a wee idea really...
POLLY: Go on.
DOCTOR: I've only just thought about it. It won't work, but it would be a try. Anyone got any money?
POLLY: Yes. Seventeen guineas that we picked up from an English lieutenant.
The Doctor beams and claps his hands together:
That's a fortune in these days! Now then, we want weapons, lots of them, and a rowing boat.
KIRSTY: I can get the rowing boat.
DOCTOR: Good, and we can buy weapons.
POLLY: Can we?
DOCTOR: From the English soldiers. They're bound to have heaps of weapons as souvenirs.
POLLY: Will they sell them to us?
DOCTOR: You don't know the English soldier. They'd sell their grandmother for tuppence.
KIRSTY: And then what?
DOCTOR: We smuggle them aboard the Annabelle.
KIRSTY: That's great, and then what?
DOCTOR: I'll think of something, but I must get some sleep.

Grey climbs up onto the deck of the Annabelle. A thick fog rolls in from off the rough sea:
Mr. Trask.
TRASK: Aye?
GREY: Is everything ready?
TRASK: It is.
GREY: I've had Perkins copy out some new contracts. If anyone tries that trick again of tearing them up, shoot him down.
TRASK: Don't you worry about that.
GREY: We need two of the contracts to be signed tonight.
TRASK: Every man jack of them will sign. If not with ink, then blood.
He holds up his whip, snarling gleefully.
GREY: You're not dealing with slaves, man. These highlanders are men of high courage. If you flog one of them, they'll all stand together and refuse to sign a thing. You'll undo everything I've worked for. Now, once they're sold in Barbados, they can be whipped to death for all I care. Until

then, use a light fist, or you'll answer to me.
TRASK: The London deserter, what about him?
GREY: Proceed with the ducking. He'll serve as a useful encouragement.

Polly and Kirsty examine the various weapons and farmyard tools which they have bought with some of their seventeen gunieas.
POLLY: We've not done very well. I hope the Doctor's had better luck.
There is a knock on the barn door.
Who's there?
DOCTOR: Me.
Polly opens the door and the Doctor strides in with a small hand-barrow covered with an old cloth.
POLLY: What have you got there?
DOCTOR: Let's see yours first.
POLLY: Don't tease us. Down here.
The Doctor looks down at the tiny collection of knives and pitch forks:
Well...it's a start.
He pulls back the cloth to reveal a huge assortment of guns and swords.
KIRSTY: You must have robbed the Duke's arsenal!
DOCTOR: Yes, something like that.
POLLY: You're fantastic!
DOCTOR: I know.
Something catches his eye:
Wait a minute. Your ring.
He indicates to Kirsty to hold up her hand:
Let me see.
POLLY: it's her father's. She won't let you touch it.
DOCTOR: I'm not surprised. It's not her father's.
KIRSTY: You lie.
DOCTOR: Then why does it have the Stuart seal embossed on it?
KIRSTY: My father forbade me to tell anyone where he got it.
DOCTOR: Until the right time. That time has now arrived.
KIRSTY: The Prince gave it to my father off his own hand in defeat of battle. My father saved the Prince's life.
DOCTOR: Then it is right and proper that it should now save his life.
Kirsty relents and slowly removes the ring.
DOCTOR: Bait. Bait for a very greedy man.

Ben is standing on the deck of the Annabelle. He is bound hand and foot, with an additional rope around his middle that passes over a boom high over head. Trask and Grey watch gloatingly as the ropes are tightened and the boom is manoeuvred so that it hangs out over the sea.
TRASK: Right, take him up.
The sailors tug on the rope and Ben is winched over the side of the ship, hanging helplessly. With a nod from Trask, the rope is released and Ben drops, like a stone, into the dark waters below...

strip away the pretentious titles), they should examine the excellent service offered by Horizon, the **Blake's 7** Appreciation Society.

A final point to note is that DWB has a circulation of around 4000 while the DWAS claims 1500 members (hmmm...), so which one reaches a greater number of relevant people? Basically, the DWAS will lose out with childish antics like banning DWB from their events since they'll lose good publicity. I am one of the organisers of the forthcoming Serendipity '91 **Doctor Who** convention, and if I took the stupid measure of banning DWB (for example), I'd lose the option of advertising to 4000+ people and the chance of fair/sensible reviews - and that is not a clever thing to do!

I see an invitation was given to the DWAS's co-ordinator so that this situation could be sorted out. It is in the DWAS's best interests to resolve this dispute since I (like many others) currently have little respect for them and don't care at all if the society collapses - but I enjoy reading DWB each month!!

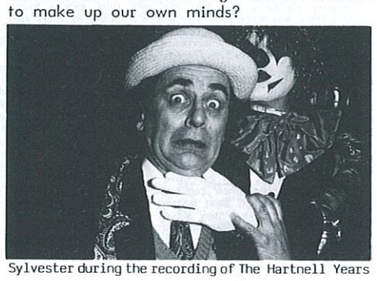
Simon Falkner, Newport Pagnell (5-5-91)
I was shocked, disgusted and appalled by the revelations of your personal differences with the DWAS, particularly the near-fraud and blackmail they committed concerning your leaflet insertation. If I was a member of such an organisation I would have promptly destroyed my membership card. While I am in no position to comment on the DWAS as a service (of which I eagerly await the second part of this feature), I can offer this observation for the behaviour of certain exec. members in public who seem to enjoy waving their cheque books around: they are, as the article seems to imply, childish, dictatorial and rather unpleasant individuals who are on one hell of an ego trip!

Henry Potts, Cambridge (2-5-91)
I think DWB is a good magazine - which is why I buy it - but to reply to Christopher Cox's letter (#89), for God's sake, I don't want to be represented by DWB either.

DEFENDING JNT's CHOICES

James Guthrie, Putney, London (12-5-91)
May I pour water on the flames being spat at JNT for his choice of episodes for the Years tapes? Paul Baxter (DWB#89) says that the pilot "is surely only of interest to the most diehard of fans". I don't think so. It is really of interest to those who would like to know how **Doctor Who** might have turned out had it been allowed to continue in that vein, or to collectors of TV 'oddities', or even to fans who (gasp! shock!) have never seen it before.

Thr Troughton episodes? Well, I didn't subscribe to BSB (good job too), so I've never seen **The Abominable Snowmen** 2, and like thousands of others nor have I been able to view **The Enemy of the World** 3 or **The Space Pirates** 2. You see, there are those of us who welcome the chance to watch **any** old episodes. **Other people** claim these episodes are boring and tedious, but how do we know? Might we be allowed to make up our own minds?



Sylvester during the recording of The Hartnell Years

A.Reader, West Midlands (13-5-91)
The new BBC Video catalogue lists 15 single tapes lasting longer than 150 minutes as costing only £10 and there are 18 double-tape packs costing just £15. Are **Doctor Who** fans being ripped off, or what?

I disagree with Paul Kirkley's view expressed in his article 'Coming Back in Style'(DWB#89). The experiment of having more undercurrents and abstract stories in recent years has been a total failure. I happen to enjoy simple, explain-it-all stories such as **Pyramids of Mars, Robots of Death** and **Talons of Weng-Chiang** and so did the ten million plus viewers who **used** to watch **Doctor Who.**

Scott Stewart, Isle of Cumbrae (6-5-91)
I cannot agree with what seems to be becoming a disturbing trend in fandom: that **Doctor Who** stories do not need explanations. I had agreed with Paul Kirkley's article until the third last paragraph where he said "**Doctor Who** stories do not need to conclude 'trivial plot threads'". Was he serious?

These "trivial plot threads" are vital to any television programme, but particularly a science fiction show like **Doctor Who,** in creating a satisfactory whole without the viewer being left feeling cheated. To my mind explanatory scenes are vital and their absence can make an otherwise classic (i.e. **Ghost Light**) a flawed production. This is not to say I haven't enjoyed any of the Cartmel stories like the aforementioned and **The Greatest Show in the Galaxy,** but with both I felt annoyed and slightly cheated due to the absence of a few brief words of explanation. "Trivial plot threads" were (almost) always tied up until 1987 when it was decided to let storylines out of the window in place of pretty visuals, and this, along with the time slot, probably drove many viewers away.

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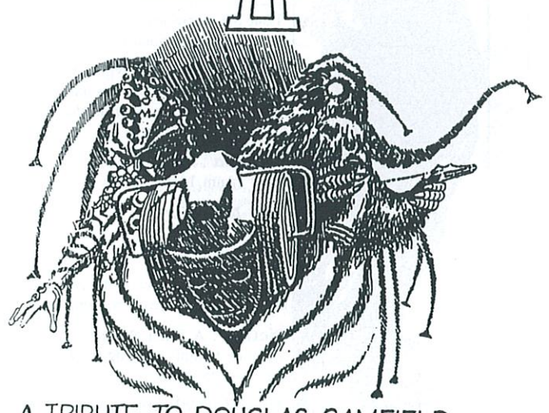

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THE DECLINE OF THE DWAS Part 2

IN THE FIRST PART OF THIS SERIES LOOKING AT THE 'DOCTOR WHO APPRECIATION SOCIETY' - CURRENTLY CELEBRATING ITS FIFTEENTH ANNIVERSARY - WE DETAILED THE REASONS BEHIND OUR OFTEN STORMY RELATIONSHIP WITH THE "OFFICIALLY RECOGNISED" FAN CLUB AND WHY, EARLIER THIS YEAR, WE FORMALLY SEVERED LINKS WITH IT. THIS TIME WE LOOK AT THE SERVICES IT PROVIDES, AND QUESTION ITS CLAIM TO BE THE LEADING REPRESENTATIVE FOR THE UK's THOUSANDS OF FANS...

ONE CAN only guess at the exact size of 'hardcore' 'Doctor Who' fandom, but all things considered, 5,000 fans seems about right. Strange, then, that despite consisting of only 25% of this total, one organisation sees fit to represent itself as the "real" fandom, based largely on a rather dubious "official approval" by the BBC.

That organisation is the Doctor Who Appreciation Society (DWAS), which in May celebrated its fifteenth anniversary. Ten - or even five - years ago it certainly was the core of Who fandom, but today?

In the rest of TV SF fandom, be it 'Star Trek, The Prisoner, or whatever, their equivalents of the DWAS are usually very open organisations: they may hold annual general meetings (AGMs) to enable their members to air their views, question club policy, vote for changes, etc. Many directly elect some, if not all, of their executive committee, and ordinary members can often attend executive meetings as observers. Virtually all keep their members informed on matters of club finance and business. Traditionally the DWAS executive have taken the opposite attitude. There is no AGM, access to executive meetings is unthinkable, and members wanting copies of the minutes of meetings, the society accounts, or even its rules must pay far in excess of a reasonable photo-copying charge. Even then they won't see the 'full story'.

The DWAS vociferously claims to be "officially recognised by the BBC", but one ex-exec. member told me recently that although he served on the committee for several years, as far as he knew the "official approval" was simply a gentlemen's agreement' between the DWAS and whoever happened to be the Doctor Who producer at the time. Currently there is no producer of Doctor Who, and there hasn't been since last August. Disinformation is par for the course in the DWAS...

The DWAS executive (I refrain from using a capital 'E' for obvious reasons) elects itself, even if the vacancy is for a new co-ordinator. They claim that this is the best arrangement, since existing executive members know what qualities are necessary in candidates, but it is also a recipe for stagnation and complacency. An executive may be stuck in a rut, happily enjoying the privileges that come with exec. status, and therefore unwilling to alter the status quo. If vacant posts materialise, they are unlikely to select anyone whose attitude differs at all from their own, and usually only close personal friends of existing executive members are appointed. Other new executive members, full of ideas for changing the society to the better, have found themselves accepted, only to be faced with a wall of smug indifference, and they eventually resign in dissolution.

All this ultimately results in an incredibly cliquey executive with only like-minded individuals chosen, some after months of unrelenting 'crawling' and fawning to existing exec. members. The House of Commons has been called "the most exclusive gentleman's club in the world". If this is true, then the DWAS executive runs a close second. An obvious solution to this form of nepotism would of course be some form of membership democracy, but the exec. line is that such a procedure is impractical and would be unworkable. Yet other fan bodies - some larger than the DWAS, some smaller - manage to achieve this.

The natural vehicle for such democracy would be an AGM, the ideal venue being the annual PanoptiCon. Again, this is **common practice** in other fandoms, where the Sunday morning of weekend conventions is given over to such "business meetings". The Sunday morning of PanoptiCon '90 comprised of nothing more pressing than a screening of **The Planet of the Spiders**; time which could have been more profitably used for an AGM.

At present the DWAS will sell you copies of their accounts and executive meeting minutes, but there is absolutely no way that ordinary members can directly question decisions taken, or propose and influence new policies or changes. There are only two instances in the DWAS Rules which allow for a vote of the membership: the first is in sanction a proposed alteration to the Rules (a curiosity considering that they never voted to accept the Rules in the first place); the second, on the dissolution of the entire Society. Nowhere, however, is guaranteed the right of ordinary members to propose such alterations or a dissolution - such actions can only be proposed by the executive. Little wonder that the membership has never even been given the **option** to vote to hold an AGM, or executive elections, and that the only time such a ballot has taken place was when it was proposed a couple of years ago that the "co-ordinator's" title be changed to "President"!

The executive is only accountable on **their** terms, and they actively discourage ordinary members from taking too close an interest. The Rules are available for £1 plus SAE when they could fit on a single double-sided sheet of A4. The same fee applies to minutes of each exec. meeting, even though on average they consist of five sides of A4. The '87/'88 and '88/'89 accounts, which amounted to eight sides, cost £2 plus SAE. On average, members are charged much more than it would usually cost to photocopy documents which are being produced anyway. Some naive fans have argued against publishing the accounts in the Society newsletter CT because, a) they cost money to compile, and, b) they would be "boring". Even executive members have said the latter, calling into question their commitment and maturity for the 'job' they have undertaken. What **matters** is that, a) with an income of around £20,000 a year they should be producing proper accounts anyway, and, b) the Rules say that they should be printed in the newsletter, but which would apparently "waste" half a page once a year! That said, the accounts supplied do leave a lot to the imagination because of their lack of detail. For '87/'88 the expenditure was broken down into the simple categories of "Publications", "Convention', "Merchandise" and a totally unexplained "Sundry" of over £12,500. In comparison, Six of One (the **Prisoner** Appreciation Society)'s financial reports - which every member receives - are far more informative, being broken down into everything from postage to typesetting.

The total annual income of the DWAS is impossible to calculate exactly because it is now rather difficult to say just how many fans are still with the Society. Until December 1986 the membership figure was printed in every edition of The Celestial Toyroom (CT). During 1986 alone it dropped alarmingly from 3,300 to 2,500 - the tail end of a trend begun in 1985 when it stood at 3,400. The executive of the time denied a "mass exodus", yet an average 25% of members were not renewing. Today the exact figure is known only to the executive, and at their June 1990 meeting they took the unbelievable step of deciding that neither membership nor bank figures would be included in the version of the minutes made available to ordinary members! Despite this, an exact figure of 1,245 slipped through the next month, along with a note to the effect that only two-thirds of members were rejoining each month. In the October 1990 CT (presumably compiled in September), it was claimed that the membership was "just under 2,000", so either the DWAS had a sudden influx of new members or, far more likely, this was a blatant lie, devised to deceive their membership into thinking that the Society was in a healthier state than it really was. Since then, the vague "around 1,500" has been bandied about, even by current co-ordinator John Collins when he appeared on the cult television edition of the James Whale Radio Show. Unlike members of the Six of One executive, Collins deigned not to appear in the studio with ordinary fans and instead was featured in a VT insert recorded at Longleat (he was also wearing a suit, which says a lot!).

Anyone actually considering joining the DWAS will now know that, despite their grandiose claims, they certainly do not represent or comprise the bulk of **Who** fandom. But what of the value of the 'services' they provide? To join the Society will cost you £12 per annum, which they will tell you is a real bargain - especially compared to a DWB subscription which will cost you more than twice that! The prices are true, but let's bring this into context with what the two actually **offer**. Both DWB and CT are published monthly with the latter containing on average 12 pages - 144 per year if you're lucky. 144 pages devoid of colour, a mere fraction of photographs in comparison, and a 'news' service so limp that it **certainly can't justify calling itself a newsletter! With DWB you get at least** 350 packed pages a year, so you in **fact pay more for belonging to the DWAS, even though they vehemently** denounce DWB as a "profit-making-magazine" at every opportunity! DWAS members receive nothing else in addition to their 12 issues of CT so, at £1 for 12 pages of (usually messy) A4, you certainly won't get the bargain the DWAS claim, but what will you find in CT itself? Not a lot, and certainly not much news - a mere fraction of that covered in either DWM or DWB, and usually out of date. The news and reviews that do appear are incredibly biased and - in some cases - completely fictitious. CT recently reviewed an issue of In-Vision **before** even its editor, Peter Anghelides, had received his own copy from the printers, and when he wrote in to complain, the pompous "so what?" nature of CT editor Martin Kennaugh's reply negated any sense of apology and he freely admitted that the "review" was fabricated! And then there was PanoptiCon '90, a fairly average event to most independent observers, though obviously the DWAS exec. refused to believe it was anything less than brilliant. Why else, then, did CT publish one glowing review extolling its virtues, and written by the **steward in charge of guest hospitality!!** Any "interviews" in CT are more likely to be mere transcripts of their own events, while articles read more like over-long letters. Considering the DWAS's attitude, one would expect that CT would be the cream of fan publishing, but this is obviously far from the case.

As mentioned in the first part of this series, during the '80s the more popular DWB became the more the DWAS condemned it, yet they also tried to make CT emulate it in every respect. When I first joined the DWAS in 1983, CT was just a collection of loose A4 sheets charmingly hand-stapled in the top left hand corner and containing fanzine adverts, news about the Society and a minimal amount of news - though sometimes groundbreaking - on the series itself. Then incoming editor Dornic May launched CT - the magazine - and a letters page and articles were added, presenting a problem for TARDIS, the Society's high-quality quarterly A5 fanzine, where such content had been traditionally housed. While the membership paid for CT, TARDIS was financed by separate suscription and most members opted to buy it. The A5 TARDIS 'died' in December 1985 when thoroughly disillusioned editor Ann O'Neill presented a solemn issue with a solid-black cover and a cuttingly apt latin quote aimed at the then executive. It was then decided that the DWAS membership and TARDIS subscription fees would be amalgamated, which some applauded as being even better value for money. However, simple arithmetic showed that no way could members get the same number of CTs and the same quality of TARDIS without a doubling of the membership fee, which there wasn't. Since then, TARDIS has limped along - a pale shadow of its former self - a rapid succession of editors leaving no uniform style and no direction, while the DWAS's financial problems sometimes led to it not appearing at all. It has been described by one leading fanzine editor as a "fifth class Frame, without the exclusives or the style", when really - as the Society's "premier magazine" - it should be the equal of that superb publication. In recent years it has become little more than an expanded CT - indeed, when the two titles have been amalgamated it is impossible to tell which bit is which! Last year the executive decided to separate TARDIS once more to enable it to also be sold in specialist shops, but half-way through 1991 the new look, "independently-financed" TARDIS has yet to arrive.

CT's letters page, once the bastion for uncensored fan comment back in the A5 TARDIS days, is now devoid of criticism aimed at the Society. Instead every issue sees many (dubious) letters blindly praising the DWAS and its executive to the heavens, yet voices of dissent are effectively banned. A recent debate on greater accountability and democracy was stamped on by Martin Kennaugh who claimed that only Brian Gallagher (ref:DWB/88) was writing in on the subject, when in fact **several** members had been. When Star Begotten editor Nick Cooper wrote to protest at this blatant form of censorship, he received a patronising reply from Kennaugh explaining why his letter would **not** be printed! Kennaugh claimed it said nothing new, yet it included comparisons with other appreciation societies similar to those I have outlined above - comparisons which the DWAS have never allowed to be plainly stated in CT and which they always vehemently deny. The free fan press may be alive and well, but it certainly isn't embodied in Celestial Toyroom.

The other service offered through CT is an external one: the advertising of fanzines. This was once 75% of its function, but now it is surprising to find even two or three fanzines advertised each issue - not surprising considering the exhorbitant prices charged for a supposedly "non-profit making" magazine. Despite virtual parity between CT's rates and those of DWB, they now have less than a third of the latter's readership. A full page fan advert in DWB today costs £102.50 with a print run of around 4,000; a similar advert in CT would cost £100...and be seen by only 1,250 people! Furthermore, since 1985 CT's advertising rates have risen by 100% but their readership has fallen by 60% - an increase in real terms of around 400%! Taking into account the same factors, DWB's increase is just over 100%. Yet again it seems that it is hardly the DWAS's place to condemn DWB for being a "profit-making magazine"!

Most of the other services the DWAS once provided have long since fallen into disuse, and at the time of writing the DWAS 'line' consists of just two publications. The now defunct Art and Graphics Department once produced useful ausio and video tape covers, bookmarks and so on; the Reference Department produced the then invaluable Plotlines (scene-by-scene breakdowns of stories), story synopses, posters and other special reference publications; the Writers Pool produced a fiction zine, Cosmic Masque; and the Local Group network flourished under John Connors' guidance. After an absence of years - during which time their purpose has been almost wholely made redundant by independent fan publications - Cosmic Masque and the Plotlines series have been resurrected, while the LG network, the only mainstay of the entire DWAS canon, has been kicked around and neglected, seen more as a liability than an asset.

Apart from token discounts on some items of merchandise ands their own conventions, the final service offered by the DWAS is another which it also shares with the 'independents'. PanoptiCon was, once, the only **Doctor Who** convention held in Britain; these days it is just one of half a dozen similar events held every year - although they are still amusing if only for the sight of exec. members clucking around the guests like over-protective mother hens (see DWAQ '91 above!). Indeed it was the highlighting of one such childish antic in its review of last year's event which appears to be the sole reason for DWB being banned from PanoptiCon '91, yet many are of the view that these events seem to be run solely for the pleasure of the committee - at their members' expense! However, this doesn't stop the DWAS trying to pass it off as the "premier" fan event of the year in their misleading and hyped-up adverts designed to entice people to part with their hard-earned £30. Indeed one rather gets the impression that just the fact of the convention taking place is more important than what actually **happens** there: PanoptiCon must be held and - no matter what - it is the best event of the year simply because it has been. This appears to be the DWAS's line of thinking regarding their own events, no matter that the majority of letter writers to fan magazines place various independent events above the DWAS's self-important efforts. The same applies to the recent one-day Wolftime event, which of course received pages of praise in CT, while the general attendee - who doesn't seem to count in these matters - considered it something of a damp squib. Not that the DWAS aren't aware of 'other' events, of course: a reference to them wanting the 1990 PanoptiCon to "upstage Liverpool" (i.e. Nebula) was hastily removed from the minutes of the February '90 executive meeting, and when Nebula scored a notable coup by showing the **STTNG** two-parter **The Best of Both Worlds** a few weeks before PanoptiCon, DWAS's attempt to emulate their success was a total disaster. This year, it is claimed that the PanoptiCon organisers consciously set out to ascertain the dates for Nebula '91...and then **deliberately scheduled** PanoptiCon '91 three weeks before the Liverpool event in an effort to upstage the latter's efforts. Although this 'scheme' appears to have back-fired and the DWAS have had to reschedule their event for October, apparently due to their controversial choice of the Leoffric Hotel having double-booked for the August Bank Holiday weekend and many of the 'star-studded' guests pulling out - much to the DWAS's embarrassment it must be assumed! - this doesn't detract from the fact that far from serving to act in the interest of **all Doctor Who** fans, not just their own members, the Society appeared to have intentionally and manipulatively scheduled PanoptiCon '91 to damage Nebula's registrations, not to mention conveniently overlooking the fact that many fans who would like to have attended both events being forced to choose just one due to their proximity. So much for fan unity!!

Mention of PanoptiCon brings me, finally, to the subject of Dominitemporal Services Limited. In 1987 Andrew Beech became co-ordinator (a position many would argue he ever relinquished!) and quickly realised that the DWAS should have been registered for VAT since late 1984. This resulted in a back-dated tax bill of over £7,000 and a "need" to prevent anything similar from happening again. It was decided that all of the Society's VATable services would be transferred to a limited company (DSL) which now organises PanoptiCon and other events "for and on behalf of" the DWAS, along with merchandise sales (the latter of which was another cause for much contention at PanoptiCon '90 with Dominitemporal Services' table of merchandise strategically based **at the entrance** to the dealers' room, to the understandable frustration of John Fitton and co.). DSL's sole purpose, we are led to believe, is to serve the DWAS and so one would assume it to be non-profit making.

Ordinary members were first informed about the new company in the September 1987 CT with a simple "the DWAS has **acquired** a company". This made the DWAS-DSL relationship sound like the BBC-BBC Enterprises one, but it doesn't seem like that now. Initially, the directors of DSL were the co-ordinator, conventions organiser Gordon Roxburgh and merchandise officer Steve King, with DWAS secretary Peter Lovelady appointed the secreatary of DSL as well. This gave the impression that the directors would always be executive members, but this soon changed. DSL now appears to stand apart from the DWAS. Andrew Beech is the sole director and was said, in a recent CT, not to have been a member of the exec. at the time of PanoptiCon, even though he attended **every** executive meeting in the run-up to the event and presented a report for DSL like any other DWAS department. Once the "property" of the DWAS, it seems that DSL is only such when it suits their purposes. This was highlighted in an article appearing in a recent issue of Star Begotten:

Nick Cooper wrote to DWAS treasurer/DSL secretary Ian Cooke enquiring if the DSL accounts were to be supplied along with the' ones for the DWAS - a reasonable request if DSL was "wholly owned by the Society" and, in effect, its members (as was said in the original announcement). He received a very curt note back stating that they were public documents available for a "not cheap" company search fee from Companies House. Cooper, however, had already done this (finding out in the process that "not cheap" meant only £2.75, suggesting a dissuading tactic on Cooke's part) and was "not surprised" to find that the break down of the DSL accounts filed was more detailed than the one used in the DWAS version. Obviously it would take someone with professional training in the matter to clarify the legal situation, but to a layperson like me there appears to be **no real link** between the DWAS and DSL! The Society is certainly not mentioned in any of the documents filed at Companies House, and while there was stock transferred from the Society to the company when it was "acquired", nothing seems to go in the opposite direction. The explanation for the DWAS selling merchandise was once given as to provide extra income for the Society - now it appears to be to provide income for DSL... One can only hypothesise for the moment, but it has occurred to me that we could end up with a situation where, in the run-up to a PanoptiCon, an executive could resign en masse and be replaced by a new committee who, if at odds with DSL, would have no real control over the convention.

In conclusion, then, far from being a leading force in British **Doctor Who** fandom, the DWAS is in fact in a minority, limping along seemingly as a jack of all trades and a master of none, and undoubtedly most of the blame for this lies in how it is run and, ultimately, the exec. members themselves. Throughout the British Isles there are thousands of active **Doctor Who** fans from every walk of life: administrators, clerical staff, accountants, even solicitors, and many more people who possess the experience and necessary skills required to run any sort of club or society, yet the DWAS's leadership has always stemmed mainly from one on-going inter-connected clique centred round the capital. Yet would you really want to belong to such an organisation as outlined above? Probably not.

Other appreciation societies seem to thrive with executives elected by their members, despite coming from all parts of the country (Six of One's nominal headquarters are in Harrogate!), and **commitment** outweighs such geographical "problems". The time is long past for the DWAS to break its own mould. It may still not be **too** late for a more foresighted executive to do so...

by Rachel Hamilton

DWB does not exercise any form of censorship itself, and DWAS executive members are invited to write in and comment on any of the points raised in this article. IN PART 3 NEXT MONTH WE'LL BE PUBLISHING CRAIG HINTON'S "MEMOIRS"...

DWAQ '91 by Kenneth Horlock (No.3: The annual 'event')

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Terror of the Auctions

Last month the BBC sold off a lot of its old Doctor Who costumes at Bonhams auction house. MARK SHORT was among the fools that parted with their money.

FOR MANY YEARS the die-hard collector who had always wanted to own something genuine from the Doctor Who series had often come up against a sizeable problem. This being that apart from John Nathan-Turner's famous prop trunk, the BBC was very loathe to give anything away, resulting in most items coming from various guest stars to whom they were first given or from the aforementioned source. For those fans who journeyed to Longleat each year it may have seemed that many of the props and costumes might have been withheld for exhibition purposes only. However, with the advent of the two BBC costume auctions it has transpired that the general public only ever saw the tip of a very large iceberg.

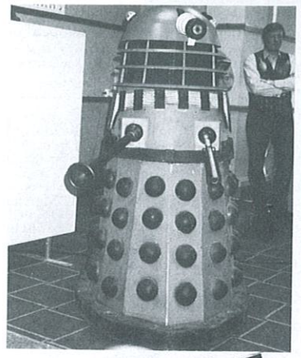
The first large scale prop and costume auction was held in 1983, during the BBC's 'Doctor Who : A Celebration' at Longleat. It was here, in a corner of the Merchandise tent, that such items as Movellan and Minyan costumes, parts of Ice Warriors and Cybermen and most of Romana's not inconsiderable collection of costumes were sold for prices which today would seem like peanuts. These ranged from £11 for Romana's *Leisure Hive* bathing costume to £810 for Tom Baker's final season coat, which was bought by an American fan. Of course, some items never even made it into storage; Lalla Ward owns a duplicate copy of her costume from *Destiny* and it is rumoured that most of the Blake's 7 cast own guns or bracelets of one type or another. It is not unusual then to find the odd item in someone's collection, although it is rare to find a plethora of props.

On August 6th of last year the BBC, in conjunction with the Bonhams auction house of Knightsbridge, organised a sale of some 4,000 costumes, outfits which represented only a tiny fraction of the total number of clothes and accessories kept at the Wales Farm Road, North Acton store, the total comprising some 120,000 different items. The reason at the time

was that they were "surplus to future stock requirements", according to the BBC internal magazine, Ariel. The sale contained about forty science-fiction lots with about ten to twenty costumes on each rack. However, no attempt was made to identify any of the lots, which resulted in Hitchhiker's Guide, Doctor Who and Blake's 7 costumes being bundled together under one heading, something which disappointed some and positively angered others. The event came and went without trace, featured only in the Daily Star on Tuesday, August 7th. A great deal of hype had been built up based on the auctioning of one of Tom Baker's pre-season 18 scarfs, an item which interestingly did not materialise. The first auction thus had a total audience of just under one hundred, composed mostly of those not interested in the Doctor Who related items. Unsurprisingly most of the lots were snapped up by dealers, something that I am always loathe to see, but it was good to see that most of the good costumes went to fans who did not buy them with the jaded view of re-selling them at exorbitant prices to those people for whom the auction should have catered originally. The actual quality of the items were, on the whole, poor due to many of the costumes being incomplete or damaged. It was not, then, until the second auction in May 1991 that we were to learn exactly what the BBC had been sitting on all these years ...

Newspapers during the final days of March exploded with pictures of Daleks 'invading' London and frightening shoppers outside Harrods. Then, after a slight lull, Blue Peter, Gloria Live and even ITV's This Morning programme all did lengthy promotional pieces, which all led up to the first day of the viewing on Bank Holiday Monday, May 6th. Although some of the costumes such as Sylvester McCoy's were missing, the items were all displayed well on display racks and dummies. However, very early on it dawned on most of the hundred or so present that the expensively-priced but well-designed catalogue was at odds with some 30% of the room. This led to several DWAS exec. members, who had entered the building some thirty minutes before anybody else, scurrying around like moths to the flame, as children around the room were heard to exclaim "Daddy, daddy, that's not a Vervoid gun, that belongs to a Terrileptil!", etc. After being pestered by numerous people coming up to me saying that they liked the costume that I was currently inspecting and would go to any lengths to get it, I journeyed home only to receive a nice surprise on my next visit on the Thursday, 9th May.

I arrived to find that a revised addition sheet for the main booklet had been hastily typed up, plus another twenty or so lots had been added, including : a Marshman who threatened to fall apart every time someone sneezed, a headless Krarg from *Shada*,



and Scaroth's tabbard from *City of Death*. Also on display were two extra Cybersuits, one from *Silver Nemesis* and the other from *Earthshock*, complete with an unchromed *Nemesis* chest-unit, hung next to Avon's costume from the Blake's 7 episodes *Assassin* and *Gold*. On examining the first suit it was obvious that Cyber-crotch had run rampant on the actor playing the role, and with new heart I left, ready for the battle royal that was to begin in 48 hours time.

On the way up to London I decided to buy a copy of TV Zone, which contained a hilarious picture of a Dalek being pushed into a skip, and after looking at the original item for the third time on the day of the auction I began to wonder why they did not just leave it there. The size of the crowd entering Bonhams for the viewing and subsequent sale was astonishing, and the ground and second floor were quickly filled to capacity. To be fair to Bonhams, their handling of the auction was superb. Some 700 fans and public alike were crammed into a small area without too much discomfort, and despite a few minor hiccups in the proceedings, everything went without a hitch, not even with the two way radio transmitter used on both floors by the auctioneers for the first time. Something that disappointed me was the actual viewing of the lot as it was sold. Only occasionally was the complete costume shown, and sometimes men wore female costumes and vice-versa. Some of the items did look very odd indeed, which resulted in much laughter from the audience.

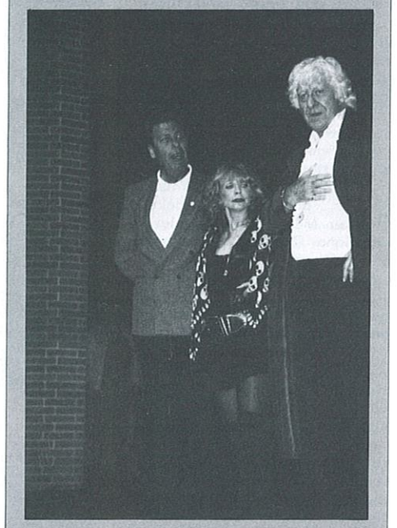
The event was certainly a success, for the BBC who made in the region of £55,000 out of the bidders, for Bonhams who scraped through with just under £6000 or so, and the taxman who just sat back and raked in his 17.5%. Certainly with the likes of John Fitton, TV Zone and the DWAS picking up substantial lots one can expect to see a large number of costumes appearing on the open market over the next few months, making a great deal more money for the original buyer I suspect, but this can only be put down to business enterprise. However, that did not stop me complaining bitterly that most of the main auction room was given over to these and others for reserved seating when, most of the time, they did not spend as much as those stuck upstairs like sardines in a can.

Having visited Longleat recently, it became blatantly obvious that many pieces of the costumes had been removed to be used at either Wiltshire or the new MOMI Doctor Who exhibition starting on July 5th *[see DWB #90]*. These items included Colin Baker's Two Doctors coat, McCoy's jumper from Season 24 and the Master's waistcoat from Survival. According to rumours a tug of war ensued when, after the DWAS had catalogued the items, many were then loaned out to small exhibitions around the country earlier this year and returned in none too tidy order. Finally, after being thoroughly mixed up by Bonhams, plus a few costumes misidentified (eg. Sharaz Jek's collar with a Sontaran jacket), Lorne Martin of exhibitions proceeded to grab back most of the rare costumes including the Krarg, the Marshman and some other bits and pieces including the two Cybersuits mentioned earlier. This could not have helped Bonhams when it was later discovered that the *Earthshock* Cyber-Leader costume worn by David Banks had been exchanged for a rather battered alternative. This coupled with the subsequent discovery of a third basket of *Battlefield* armour containing Colin Baker's *Arc of Infinity* costume after the auction were just some of the goofs that occurred during and after the proceedings.

Six days of rest and relaxation later I received a small parcel from Bonhams containing Glitz's shirt and tabbard from *Trial of a Timelord #1-4* plus what looked like one of JNT's reject shirts. My happiness was quickly dismissed as a bill floated out of the parcel for postage and packing, which just goes to prove that "not every cloud has a strontium lining". I think that it's time to remortgage the Dalek ...

DWAS co-ordinator, John Collins, sorts through Dominitemporal Services Limited director Andrew Beech's £3,500 haul from Bonham's: "And you don't know the half of it!" Oh really? Do tell...

U.N.I.T REUNION



TIME ran backward - or at least stood still - for one of the best-loved teams in television on April 6th, as the Indianapolis-based Whoosier Network staged its very first 'Doctor Who' convention.

The one-day "U.N.I.T. Reunion" put together by the club reuited the Third Doctor Jon Pertwee, companion Katy Manning (Jo Grant) and U.N.I.T.-eers Richard Franklin (Captain Yates) and John Levene (Sergeant Benton). Although reportedly on tour with a stageplay in Egypt, U.N.I.T. boss Nicholas Courtney (the Brigadier) joined the group via a telephone link-up.

Besides revisiting their mileposts of filming **Doctor Who** in a freewheeling style that included pratfalls and visual jokes, the group entertained with stories of their recent activities (Pertwee with his books, Franklin with the Rocky Horror Show, Manning with her Australian stagework and Levene with his "second" acting career), signed mountains of autographs and entertained with an uproarious cabaret.

Manning, in her first American convention appearance in seven years, was a crowd-pleaser with her stories of childhood in England and her discovery in grammar school of a life-long friend; Liza Minelli. Katy laughed when remembering the look on her mother's face the first time she went to pick up her daughter at her new friend's house: "She knocked on the door ... and there was Judy Garland!"

Pertwee, interviewed by fans and guest moderator Eric Hoffman, also did some revealing, recounting stories of his brush with death on a World War II British troop ship and backstage tales of his successful acting career.

The evening cabaret brought the U.N.I.T. gang out in wacky form. Katy brought the production to a grinding halt as she walked onstage in a gravity-defying black lace dress that almost drew more applause than her standup comedy routine, and Levene and Pertwee drew howls of uncontrollable laughter with a "Busy Bee" skit. Pertwee closed the evening alone on a stool in a spotlight, reminiscing about his career and sharing a tender folksong based on Sondheim's 'Send in the Clowns'.

Kathy Wesley

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SERENDIPITY'91

The South Wales Telefantasy Society is proud to present a one day Doctor Who celebration to be held at the Hotel Diplomat, in Cardiff, on Saturday 19th October.

The day will include various guests (to be announced soon!) and screenings from all eras of the series, with all proceeds going to the Foundation for the Study of Infant Deaths.

Prices:
£13 - before 1st August
£15 - from 1st August

To register, please fill in the form below, and return it along with your remittance and 3 SAE's to :

SERENDIPITY '91
71 St.Mark's Road
Henley-on-Thames
Oxon
RG9 1LP

The committee reserve the right to refuse admission.

Name .....
Address .....
.....
.....

I enclose a cheque/P.O. made payable to "Serendipity '91" for £.....
I hereby agree to abide by the rules of the convention and to settle any bills incurred by me at the event, signed:
.....
(by parent/guardian if under 18)

TWO-DAY EVENT SPEARHEADS EXHIBITION

A HISTORY OF DOCTOR WHO is a two-day event of lectures, presentations, screenings and guest appearances which will spearhead The Museum of the Moving Image's stunning new Doctor Who exhibition - which officially opens 5th July - over the weekend of 6-7th July.

While guest appearances and personalities from all 28 years of **Doctor Who** are promised, so far only Colin Baker, Sylvester McCoy, Sophie Aldred and Fiona Cumming have been confirmed as definite - not surprising given that John Nathan-Turner has been appointed the organiser of this and the overall exhibition, the latter of which he is assisted by Lorne Martin, himself responsible for many of the polished exhibitions over the years including the US tour bus - and each will give talks on their resepctive rôles in the series. MOMI is keen to emphasize that this will not be run like a traditional convention.

"Surprise screenings" of particular interest will be shown (missing episodes perhaps?) and four newly-designed and innovative artwork-based T-shirts will go on sale for the first time.

For further details and information on registering for this "formally run" **Doctor Who** event, call the BFI box office on (071) 928 3232.

A **vast amount** of money is being poured into the exhibition itself to ensure that it is the biggest and best **Who** exhibition seen anywhere in the world.

Names that read like a Who's Who of the best designers to have worked on the show have been contracted to re-create various sets and monsters, among them vintage designers Barry Newbery and Raymond Cusick, and visual effects supremos Ian Scoones (interviewed next issue) and BBC VFX Department founder Bernard Wilkie, assisted by his son Martin. Sets being rebuilt include all the TARDIS designs over the years to their original blue-prints, and various tableaux will illustrate specific themes, including a special monster section under categories such as robotic, amphibian, etc.

One of the highlights is sure to be a representation of all the various marks of Cybermen through the years, with most of course having to be remade from scratch, plus there will also be a specially-built "cuta-way" Dalek which will enable people to get inside and operate, and costumes in good enough condition not to be auctioned off recently will be displayed.

The exhibition will run up to November at least, with another two-day event for September planned. The NFT will be screening the two Dalek movies on 6-7th July and **The Hand of Fear** on 22nd August. A **Doctor Who** information hotline has been set up on (071) 928 3847.

ISSUE 175 of Marvel's DWM reports that Snepperton film studios is "gearing up" for the production, in January 1992, of a 25-minute BBC science fiction series, the identity of which is so far unknown...

Meanwhile the BBC are to announce, any day now, the names of the independent production companies who have been successful in their bidding to take over the production of a number of BBC shows, among them Question Time.

With all of the recent publicity attached to **Doctor Who**, it is not unreasonable to expect that an announcement regarding its future is to be made. However it is rumoured that Cinema Verity is out of the running...

BRIEFLY...

THE TOM BAKER Myth Makers signing (ref: DWB#89) is to be held from 12.00 noon to 6.00pm at The Crypt, St.Martin in the Field's off London's Trafalgar Square on 10th August. He

will be signing copies of his new Reeltime Pictures video, described as "a truly unique video", and entrance to the signing is obtainable only on purchase of the tape at the special price of £15.

BILL & TED's BOGUS JOURNEY is the title for the sequel to the 1989 'Doctor Who' "rip-off" and goes on release in America on 19th July with Keanu Reeves and Alex Winter reprising their rôles.

THE PURCHASE of the two Daleks at Bonhams in May have vaulted their owners into the top ten of most expensive items of film memorabilia sold at auction - a category for TV memorabilia does not exist and so they must be assumed to be the most expensive items ever sold in this field. Occupying seventh and eighth places, the two Daleks - costing £6,400 and £6,800 respectively, and before extras - are just behind Prince's cape worn in Purple Rain (£7,150), Laurel and Hardy's hats (£11,000), Elton John's giant boots from Tommy (£12,100), a model of Boris Karloff's Frankenstein monster (£16,500), Marilyn Monroe's black satin dress from Some Like It Hot (£19,800), Charlie Chaplin's boots (£38,500) and his hat and cane (£82,500)

THE SHEFFIELD SPACE CENTRE is holding a second signing at the Nelson Mandela Building at Sheffield Polytechnic on 20th July from noon following the success of their debut signing last year. (See ad on page 16)

GERALD BLAKE, director of 'The Abominable Snowmen'(1967) and 'The Invasion of Time'(1978) died on 5th April.

ANDREW SKILLTER has been contracted by BBC Video for the 'Genesis of the Daleks' and 'Deadly Assassin' covers, due for release in October. It has been revealed that Skilleter is also the artist on the recently-released 'Doomwatch' and 'Star Cops' videos, prompting criticism of his work - including on W.H.Allen's Timewyrn series - since his recent 'revival' in some fan quarters. The covers for 'Cat Flap', the second series of 'New Adventure' novels, will be assigned to other artists.

SYLVESTER McCOY attended Gallifrey One: The Sequel convention in Los Angeles over the 3-5th May weekend. (Photo courtesy of Rick Seger)

THE THREE DOCTORS

WHAT BETTER way could there have been to mark ten years of Dr Who? Get together the three principal actors who have played the time travelling tinkerer, and weave out a plot that lets their respective characters carry the day. In the event William Hartnell was too ill to play a full third of the action, but that may have been fortuitous in the circumstances. It might have proved too difficult to have generated much of a plot with three such commanding personalities demanding our attention. I think *The Five Doctors* proves my point : too much of a good thing can get in the way.

In the end Bob Baker and Dave Martin managed to juggle the elements with enough care so that the contributions from Hartnell helped mark turning points in the narrative, despite him being confined to an image on monitors and viewing screens. This distant but commanding character, looking down on events, actually works very well, despite it being the product of necessity. From casual viewing you would not guess that it was all pre-filmed at Hartnell's home, such is the quality of the editing.

Troughton's Doctor, however, poses quite a different problem. How do you stop such a visual character stealing every scene he is in? The answer was that it could not be done. Troughton's impish, fidgeting, fey, comic performance stamps itself so assuredly on the whole production that even Pertwee's normally commanding figure is sometimes side-lined when both actors share scenes. The less direct second Doctor makes his replacement seem very ordinary at times. This speaks volumes for Troughton's powers as an actor when you consider the strengths of the opposition.

The story also boasts as good a selection of secondary characters as any other Dr Who of that period. The regulars get enough action and good dialogue to hold their own, with Sergeant Benton benefitting from some very good scenes with Troughton's Doctor. These are comic without being comedy, a difference that more recent producers seemed unable to discern.

Dr Tyler and Hollis as the innocents abroad are also well enough written to make them believable, even if Hollis bears more than a passing resemblance to Sam the poacher from *Spearhead from Space*. However, Baker and Martin really triumph with Omega. In many respects his is an updated Toy Maker living in a world of his own creation that cannot survive without him. The balance afforded between his evil intent and his motives makes him to be a wholly understandable but quite chilling villain.

The special effects for the story work well enough, even if they don't seem particularly wonderful at times. At least we are spared the worst excesses of bad back-projection that marred other productions of the period, and at no time do the visual effects team actually prevent us from enjoying the story. However, the same cannot be said of some of the design work. On paper, the Gell Guards may have looked wonderful, but realised on screen they were something else all together. Sounding like the Soup Dragon and looking like half-set Chivers jellies, they dissipated the tension every time they appeared. Thankfully they represent the only real failure of the story.

The plot is direct enough to allow for plenty of action, while at the same time keeping us guessing as to what is going on. Omega, the great Time Lord architect of time travel, surviving by force of will in the world of anti-matter, slowly destroying his own race has the feel of ancient mythology. However, it is not the tale but its telling that often counts in Dr Who, and *The Three Doctors* bears witness to the power of a simple formula producing a good story because of its presentation.

Considering the script, the directing could have been a little more Gothic in its approach, and at times it comes across as very mundane. However, direction is not just fancy camera work, it is also pacing and overall control. In these areas it works very well, especially in the balance between the Doctors.

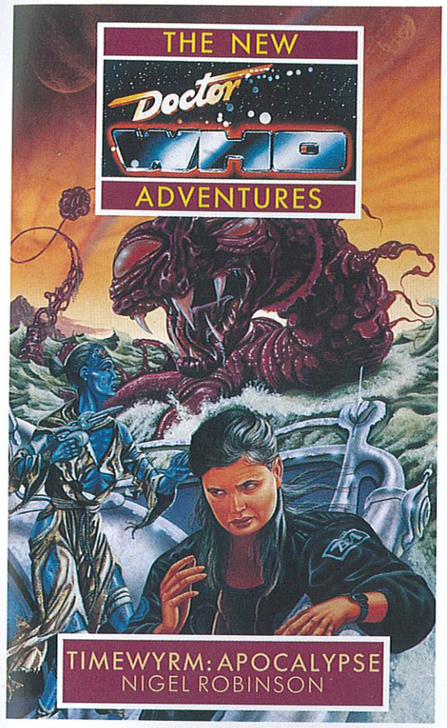
The Wizard of Oz is paid homage by the sequence of UNIT HQ getting sucked into the world of anti-matter. However, it is not only an image for film buffs to spot — it also makes for a good story climax that illustrates the power of the forces levelled against the Doctors. In other respects Omega's world parallels Oz with its reversed logic and an unlikely band set on defeating the evil that lives in the great palace.

As always the Doctor wins, but this victory is especially important. The Time Lords restore the Doctor's time travel memory as a reward for saving their civilisation, thus enabling him to return to his travels. For the first time since regenerating the Doctor is once again a free agent. It seems only fitting that his previous incarnations should have had a hand in ending his exile on Earth.

As a whole, *The Three Doctors* is a good and enjoyable romp. It benefits from a first class cast and anything with Patrick Troughton in it will always win my vote. As to whether it is a classic, the best way to judge that is to buy the tape. I consider it £10 well spent.

ANTHONY CLARK

The Three Doctors will be released by BBC Video in August.

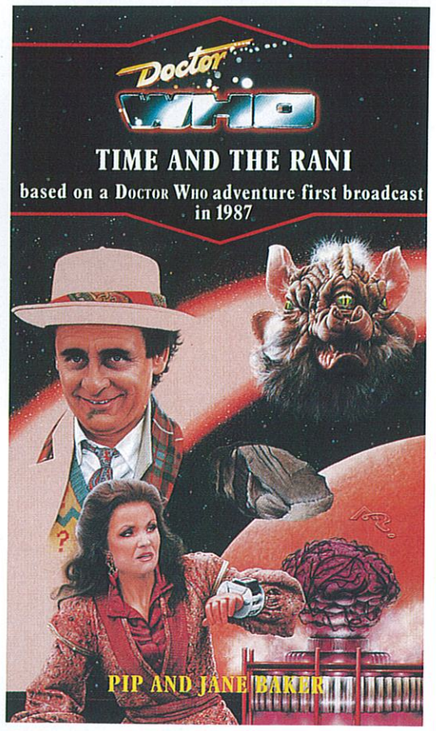


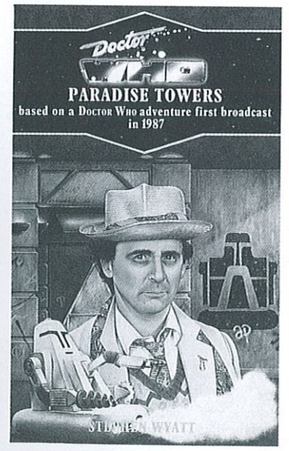
The TARDIS has tracked the Timewyrm to the edge of the Universe and the end of time - to the lush planet Kirith, a paradise inhabited by a physically perfect race.

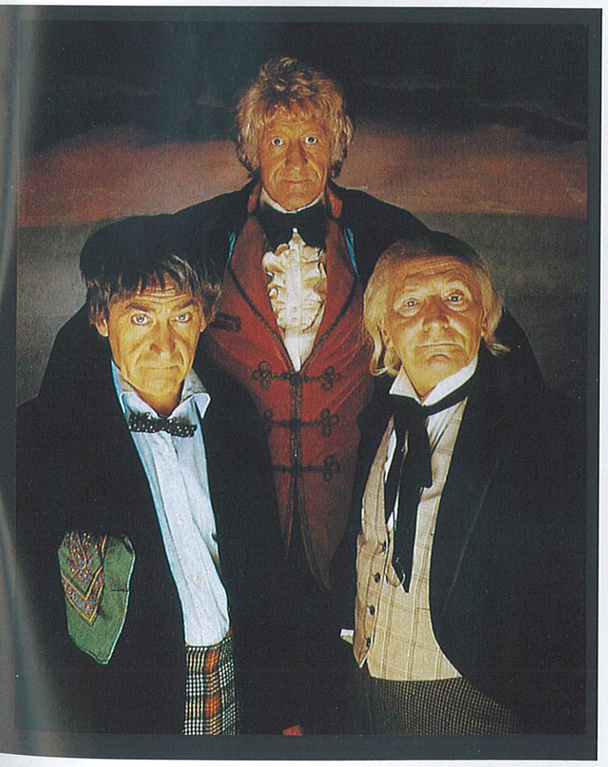
Ace is not impressed. Kirith has all the appeal of a wet weekend in Margate, and its inhabitants look like third-rate Aussie soap stars.

The Doctor is troubled, too: if the Timewyrm is here, why can't he find her? Why have the elite Panjistri lied consistently to the Kirithons they govern? And is it possible that the catastrophe that he feels impending is the result of his own past actions?

OCTOBER BOOK RELEASES







OCTOBER sees the release of the third book in the **Doctor Who** fiction series **Timewyrm: Apocalyse,** by Nigel Robinson. The cover is again by Andrew Skilleter while Alister Pearson completes his run of Sylvester McCoy covers with a reprint of **Time and the Rani,** out at the same time alongside **Paradise Towers** now housed in the new uniform format, and John Peel's large format Gallifrey Chronicles.

A **reminder** that June saw the first **Timewyrm** adventure, **Genesys,** and the **Castrovalva** and **Four to Doomsday** reprints published and July sees the long-awaited release of **Battle-field** along with reprints of **The Krotons** and **The Chase.**

ALL IN A DAY'S WORK

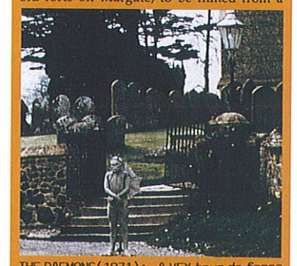
As a prelude to our major interview with Ian Scoones starting next issue, another visual effects veteran, PETER DAY, recounts the highlights of his Doctor Who association between 1966 and 1977

"I RETIRED from the BBC five years ago, and, as it is now over twenty years since I first worked on the Dr Who programmes, most of what I did has been wiped from my memory bank, so I would have thought that an interview would be of very little interest to anybody, and, without again seeing the episodes and jogging the memory — most of it has gone.

However, one does remember a few incidents from the past, including working with William Hartnell, who constantly forgot his lines, and would shake his hand about in an attempt to remember them, which he finally did. It came over rather well on the box, and added an edge to his characterization of the Doctor.

An amusing incident does come to mind in *The Tomb of the Cybermen.* We produced a creature called a "Cybermat" — a cross between an armadillo and a wood-louse — radio-controlled and about a foot long. When we first tried it out, however, it was so affected by all the other electronic equipment in the studio that it went scuttling about the set out of control, with a mind of its own. Luckily we managed to modify it for future episodes, and it gave us no more problems.

Another rather more dramatic incident happened during the filming for *The Sea Devils.* The intention was to produce a slimy foam to completely cover one of the old forts off Margate, to be filmed from a



THE DAEMONS(1971): A VFX tour de force

helicopter in February. The weather was so unpredicatable that the local coastguards would only give a forecast for the next 45 minutes!

On the day, the sea was so rough it was impossible to land on the fort by boat, and far too dangerous, so a small helicopter took off with the equipment, to land on the fort and produce foam. Meanwhile, the second helicopter, with the film camera on board, developed engine trouble, and could not take off.

The weather worsened, the helicopter on the fort was ordered to leave everything and get back to shore, and the sequence was abandoned. The storm conditions continued, and not until three weeks later could a local fisherman retrieve our rather rusty foam generator from the fort — I always said we should have done it as a model shot!

I must finish by saying that none of the effects, including models, smoke, explosions, costumes and accessories, spaceguns and gadgets of all sorts, would have been possible without the very hard work and dedication of numerous teams of designers and assistants throughout the years in Visual Effects."

DOCTOR WHO CREDITS:

Tomb of the Cybermen (with Michael John Harris)	1967
Fury from the Deep (with Len Hutton)	1968
The Ambassadors of Death	1970
The Daemons	1971
The Sea Devils	1972
The Monster of Peladon	1974
Genesis of the Daleks	1975
The Deadly Assassin (with Len Hutton)	1976
The Sunmakers (with Peter Logan)	1977